# HOW TO INVADE EUROPE

by Colonel T.

★NEW MASSES

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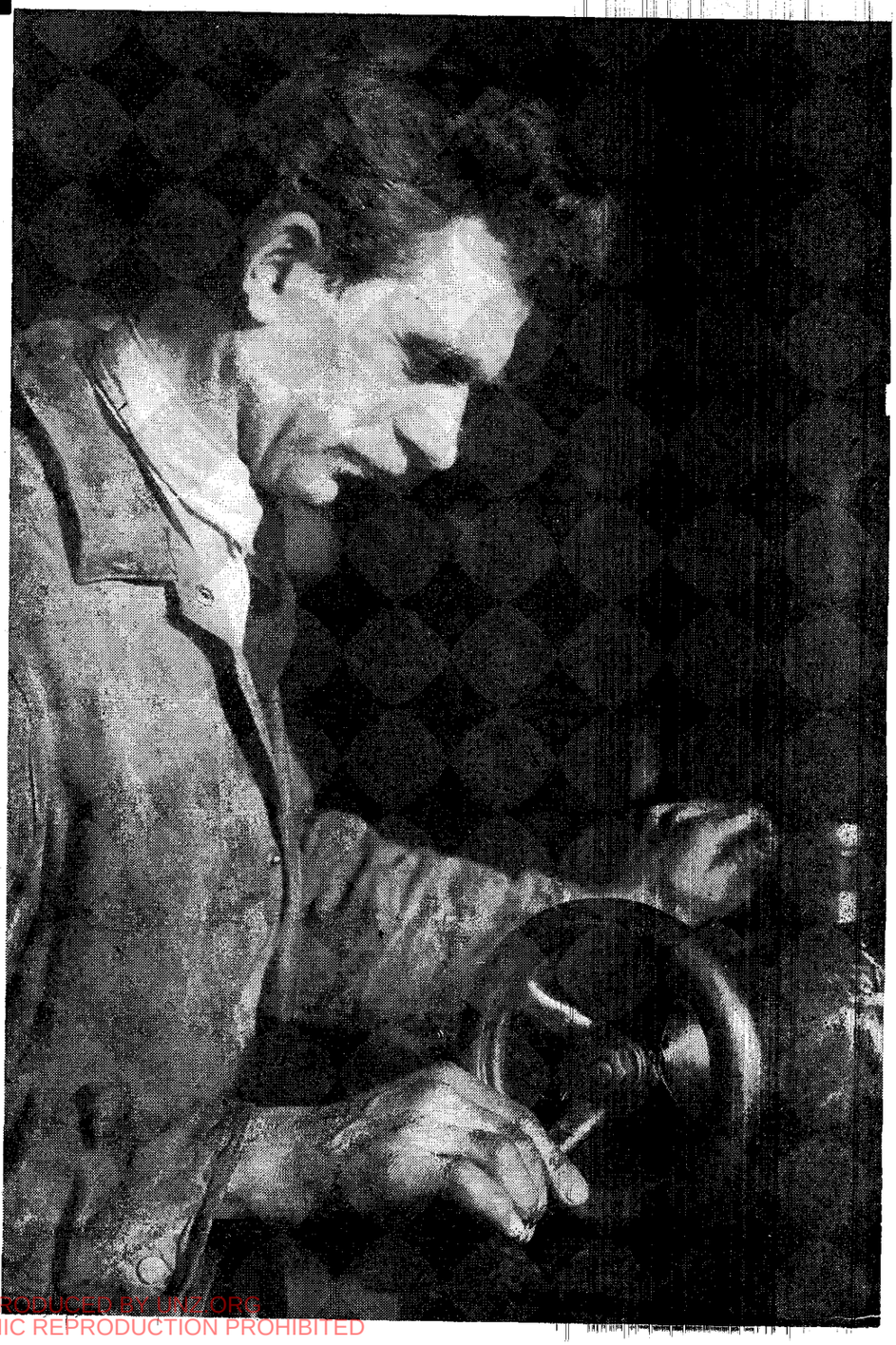

## JERSEY GOES TO WAR

*First of a series on the home front by Joseph North*

## DOLLARS, SENSE, AND PRODUCTION

*A Washington report by Bruce Minton*

*In this Issue: Emil Lengyel, Oscar Cargill, Samuel Sillen, Alfred Kreymborg, Harvey O'Connor, William Blake, Isidor Schneider, Alvah Bessie, William Gropper*

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These are the names of some of the men and women, among them the foremost artists of our land, who contributed their drawings and paintings *gratis* to NEW MASSES' recent art auction. Most of them could ill-afford to give the work of hand and brain away. But they did so for NEW MASSES, the magazine that's close to their hearts.

Week in and week out, writers are doing the same, contributing to the magazine without thought of compensation. They feel and know NEW MASSES is close to their hearts, fighting the great fight of our generation together with them.

Our annual campaign for sustaining the magazine is approaching the month of May. A crucial month for the war, a crucial month for us. Only some $8,163 of the necessary, *indispensable* $40,000 has been raised thus far.

Creditors are crowding in on us. Each week's issue becomes a physical struggle, a terribly exhausting battle to make ends meet, to get the magazine out of the printers' and into your hands.

We have got to reach the $20,000 mark by the first of May to have any confidence that the $40,000 will be raised before summer.

We can't ask all our friends to send us their drawings. We can't expect articles from all of you. But you can help us with the five-, ten-, twenty-five-, fifty-dollar sums that will make or break the magazine. See NEW MASSES safely through the critical spring of 1942.

Send us as much as you can as soon as you read this page.
Organize house parties within this week for the magazine.
Call up friends and get them to do the same.
Double what you've done by the first of May.

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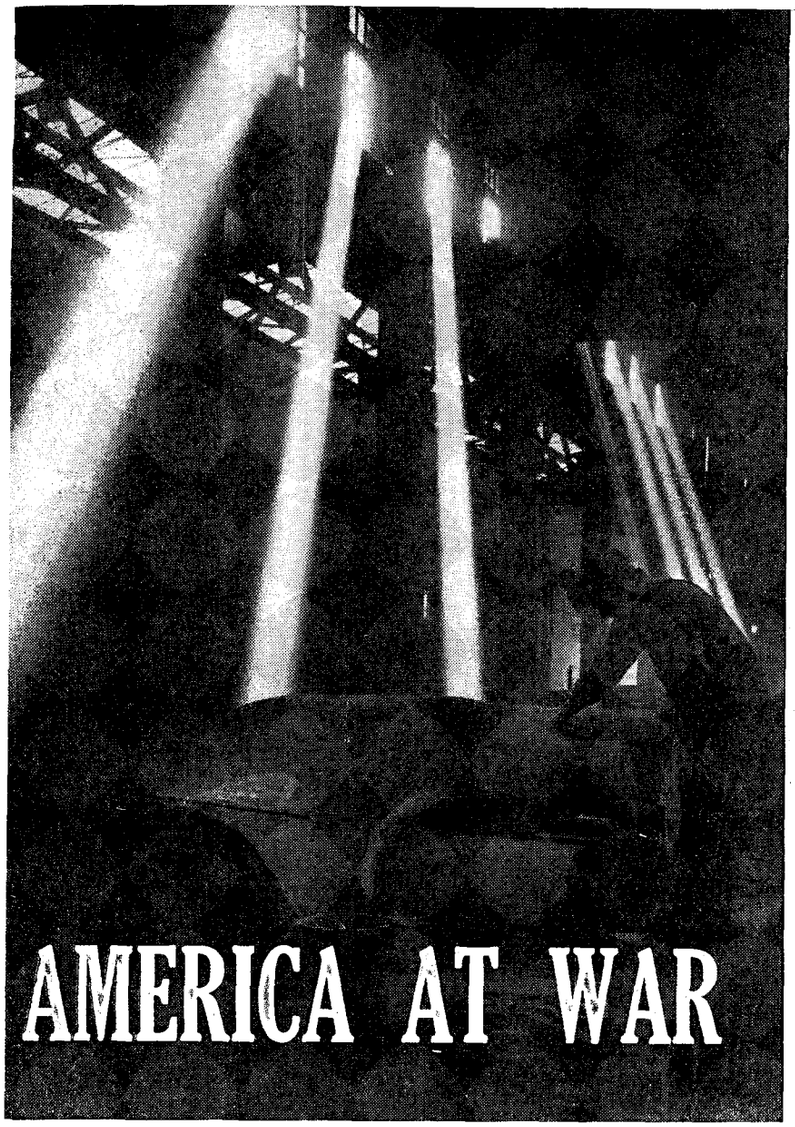

# AMERICA AT WAR

***Through the great workshop that is Jersey. All over the state—in factory, home, union hall, and front office—victory is in the bud this spring. First of a series by Joseph North.***

*Trenton, N. J.*

WASHINGTON crossed the Delaware near here and Jersey, with proper pride, has never forgotten it nor lets you forget it. History is no bucket of ashes in this state: the tradition of America's war for independence still burns bright. The *World Almanac,* 1942 edition, tells you: "The Ringwood Iron Works, Ringwood, New Jersey (the earliest in the country, established 1740) provided much of the iron products for the Revolutionary Army" and you learn that here was forged the great iron chain which was stretched across the Hudson River near West Point to prevent the movement of enemy war vessels. Today, U-boats skulk off the waters of Jersey's coastline and you know it from the Holland Tubes down to Cape May.

Today, a century and a half later, the great workshop that is Jersey is pounding away again making the machines for war. The factories clamor from Dover to Millville as warboats slide into the Hackensack and the Delaware, as bullets, parachutes, field radio sets, all the paraphernalia of warfare, are hauled off to the frontlines.

Spring was in the air the night I visited P—— with its wooden Ukrainian church and its vast copper smelting plant. Spring 1942: the most crucial springtime in man's history. Yes, more than flowers will bloom this spring—victory is in the bud, victory or many bitter years of battle and possible defeat. This seemed to be in the minds of my companions, too, as we sped along the splendid highways of Jersey lined with dozens of industries which bore, within them, the seed of victory—or defeat.

A searchlight scanned the skies restlessly and caught a plane in its beam. The plane twisted and squirmed as the beam of light held it. "Practice," the union organizer said to me, looking up from the wheel of our car. He had taken me to visit some of his union brothers, his last visit for some time. Next week he was going into the army; this week he was winding up his union affairs, helping draw up a contract here, advise on some union questions there, tying together a dozen and one ends before he left. "Hell," one of the men said jokingly over a glass of beer in the Sokol Hall before the meeting, "soon as we get used to a good guy, off he goes." The organizer was Albert Pezzatti, of the Mine, Mill and Smelter Workers, and the men shaking hands and wishing him Godspeed in that offhand, undemonstrative manner of workingmen were Jersey's boys, who tomorrow or the next day will be joining him in arms. "We'll be seeing you soon," one of them said, clinking glasses. Then they went in to the meeting where they discussed their union contract and voted unanimously to adopt Phil Murray's proposals to sacrifice double time on Sundays. But not before a Negro worker got up to say, "I'm voting for this in spite of Poll-Tax Smith's tarnations in Congress. I'm doing this for Uncle Sam and Phil Murray." That's Jersey.

SO IT goes all over the state, in the homes, in the union halls, in the streets. The men at the machine and the men in the front office see eye to eye on today's imperative demand: Win. In many plants five percent of the men have already been drafted and five percent more have volunteered. Edward Stewart, one of the founding fathers of the powerful United Electrical Workers Union and a leader at the American Gas Accumulator plant near ——, told me that's how it is in his plant. "We've got to train new people fast; women to take the men's places. No time to lose."

Because there is no time to lose, Jersey's CIO unionists held a council of war the other day in Newark. One hundred percent mobilization of manpower was their battle-cry. They cabled Gen. George C. Marshall, in London, "that organized labor in New Jersey has geared its war production offensive to meet a military offensive on the Western Front and any other military offensive necessary to defeat the Axis powers." One hundred percent mobilization means 100 percent unity—labor unity, unity with employers, unity of every category of America's millions. And not only America's—the millions of all the United Nations. The delegates urged the national CIO to establish working relations with the Anglo-Soviet Trade Union Commission: they sought the benefit of their allies' experiences.

The spirit of labor unity was symbolized when Secretary-Treasurer of the state AFL, Vincent J. Murphy, who happens also to be Newark's mayor, warmly greeted the delegates. They voted the creation of a New Jersey War Production Committee to unite CIO and AFL efforts behind production, civilian defense, and every aspect of the war drive. The resolution also authorized state CIO President Abramson to appoint a committee to collaborate with the state AFL and the Railroad Brotherhood as a State Labor Victory Committee. This will cooperate with Jersey's governor on all problems that confront labor and people in the state, generally. It will operate in a manner similar to that of the National Labor Victory Committee that meets with the President.

But with all this turmoil—of men going off to war, with Jersey war production third in the country, there is dissatisfaction in the state. And this dissatisfaction is one of the



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healthiest signs on the Zodiac. It bodes defeat for the Axis. Everywhere I went, almost everybody I talked to—and I talked to labor leaders, to workingmen and workingwomen, to welders, chippers, calkers, toolmakers, punch-press men, and to Jersey employers—I found recognition of one simple but all-decisive fact: yes, we're producing for war, but not enough and not fast enough. True, there were some who had reservations and even differences—never overlook the fact that Coughlin's *Social Justice* still gets around and the covert work of the fifth column goes on subsurface—but the overwhelming majority are not satisfied with their effort for victory.

Yes, employers and workers have collaborated to jack war production above that of a year ago, but we've got far to go. State President of the CIO Irving Abramson spoke the mind of organized labor—and others—when he said Jersey was working at forty-nine percent of capacity. Certain pre-war practices persist to the detriment of the total mobilization of Jersey's vast potential. I got the picture of a giant using one arm in the fight. Let me outline more specifically the lag in Jersey's production campaign.

In that beehive which is 17 William Street—the State CIO headquarters—I talked with Mr. Abramson. His letter to Donald Nelson had spotlighted the reality that Jersey was working at about half of capacity. And the head of the War Production Board, agreed, in the main, with the CIO leader.

Mr. Abramson told me that his hope, the goal of all organized labor in the state, is to see industry work "around the clock." That's a popular slogan in Jersey today—"work around the clock." Mr. Abramson's principal point was that only first shifts in most plants work near capacity: the second and third shifts are tragically undermanned—considering the requirements at the front this spring. "Look at the Federal Shipyard," he told me. There some 14,500 men work the first shift and somewhere near 2,000 the second and the third.

Mr. Abramson had arrived at the figure of forty-nine percent of capacity by a survey of seventy-seven union plants in eight war industries. These are shipyard, automobile, aircraft, steel, aluminum, rubber, metal smelting and chemical. Only ten of the seventy-seven plants work their usual or even partial complement of production employes on Sundays.

The Chamber of Commerce, in reply, contended that in many plants three shifts cannot be worked because of technological difficulties; it claimed that in other cases shortages of raw materials held production down. Assuming these factors exist in a percentage of cases—and they do—labor men here unanimously agree with Mr. Abramson's conclusions. Moreover, so did Mr. Nelson. Needless to say this continues to be the most serious bottleneck in production.

ANOTHER considerable factor is the lag in conversion. Unemployment, due to that fact, remains considerable. Mr. Abramson told me that the month of January 1942 revealed a 32.4 percent rise in the total registration of unemployed over the same period last year—due chiefly to conversion in auto and other industries. And not only men are idle, valuable machines have been standing silent for months. Ford's at ——, for example, has been "converting" for six months. Some 2,800 men work there today where formerly 7,000 labored. And as Carl Holderman, technical adviser to the Labor Relations Department of the War Production Board, told me, "In the body department alone 337 pieces of valuable equipment are lying idle." So it goes for a number of other large plants whose location and names I withhold for obvious reasons.

A third serious consideration is the supply of trained personnel for the war industries. Labor supply, generally, is not yet a problem since industry is not "working around the clock." But as the draft levies continue and as production increases—as invariably it will and already has—the shortage of trained labor will become a factor in the coming months.

Here, evil practices of the past operate. Discrimination is still rife. Mr. Abramson charged "widespread discrimination by vocational training schools and industry against Negroes, Italians, Germans, and Jews. It is nothing short of a crime to keep men out of these plants and from these machines because of their race, creed, or color."

Yes, that is Jersey, too. Let me tell you what a Negro worker said to me in Newark. "Listen," he said. "We've been fighting what amounts to fascism in the South since 1863, since the Emancipation Proclamation. We know what it is all right. We've been fighting for freedom of thought, freedom of movement, freedom of organization. Today, I feel we're fighting a two front war. We're fighting Hitler and we're fighting Poll-Tax Smith and Polecat Dies."

He works between fifty and sixty hours a week in a foundry, has worked there for seventeen years. He is one of the stalwarts in the union. "We're more loyal to the country than the country has been to us," he said. I reminded him of Joe Louis' remark: "There's a lot wrong in this country, but Hitler ain't going to fix it." He grinned. "Right," he said. "I say that too. But a lot of my people need convincing. Know what they're saying? 'It's safer for a black man to fight in the Pacific or to fight in Europe than it is for him to go into training down South.' That's hard stuff to take. Government needs to do a lot more than it has yet to get some Negroes I know confident about this war."

He told me of a friend who was asked by his local to give blood for the Red Cross. The entire local had decided to do so. "My friend got up and said 'I'm not going to give my blood for one reason. I've been told that the blood of Negroes is put on the shelf and allowed to stay there.' " The Negroes, he told me, don't want their blood on the shelf. "They want to use it for their country."

THIS is the seamy side of the Jersey picture. The bright side —and this, mind you, is dominant, is the rapid growth in national unity. Age-old suspicions, business-as-usual practices, are being overcome as the sense of national peril grows. (Remember those U-boats off the coast of Jersey.)

The principal question is tempo. How fast will all these factors mature into a maximum war effort? There is a wide gap between forty-nine percent and 100 percent. How soon will the giant fight with both good arms? For Time fights for Hitler this spring.

Progress has certainly been made. "Donald Nelson's proposal for management-labor production committees," a shipyard worker said, "was a shot in the arm." The CIO and AFL have made their positions clear—they are more than eager to pitch in and contribute their brain and brawn to produce at maximum. True, there still are workingmen who grumble at making sacrifices while the financial pages of the press print stories of juicy dividends to the big firms. But the overwhelming majority of unionists realize that their grievances, real as they are, must be adjusted in a manner that will not put a crimp in turning out the guns and cannon their boys need for victory.

For all these reasons Mr. Abramson submitted a "national man and machine power rationing plan" at the war council in Newark. He saw it as a means to unify and coordinate all labor supply and training agencies throughout the country under federal control. It was unanimously adopted.

Jersey's employers, I found, are increasingly willing to cooperate with labor. George R. Rhinehart, vice-president of Asbestos Limited, Inc., put it this way: "Whether you like your neighbor or not, if he wants to beat the Axis, stick together." A joint committee functions—and functions well—in his plant. Employers like Leslie Merill, head of the American Gas Accumulator, have already pitched in, side by side with their workers, and are solving production problems jointly (I should add that Mr. Merill's plant, which produces some of the most vital war instruments, has stepped production



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*A Negro worker calking the seams of a reconditioned barge*

up remarkably since the worker-employer relationship was established some months ago.)

Edward Smith, one of the leading UE men in Mr. Merill's plant, told me a few things about stepping up production. So did James McLeish, president of District 4 of the United Electrical, Radio and Machine Workers, so did a number of men and women from an assortment of industries. I recommend them to those men of Jersey who still have doubts about labor's great contribution to the Battle for Production. The story they tell is one of the proudest of our day: it is the story upon which victory may well depend.

James McLeish summed it up at union headquarters. "Our men don't want to take over management's function," he said. "We only want to contribute fully in a crisis which confronts us all equally." McLeish knows a great deal about this at first hand. His union has set up 163 production councils with a possibility of sixty more covering General Electric and Westinghouse.

How do they function? What are their specific tasks? In his opinion the duties of the councils are to increase war output by improving production methods, by saving scrap, wastage, and man-hours, by utilizing every available machine for war work and to assist in converting plants from consumer to war production.

And that's not all. He sees them as dynamos in civilian war activities, in improving air raid defenses, in stepping up the sale of war bonds, in building morale within the plant and in the community. For example, in one plant in Bayonne the council had overcome racial prejudice to an extent where a Negro had been elected treasurer of the union local. And moreover, it had, with the aid of the Fair Employment Practices Committee, broken down discrimination against Negroes in the local industrial training school.

He explained how one Newark plant in which a production council was set up six days after Pearl Harbor, had already tripled production, increased employment by 130 percent, given two substantial wage increases, and established a training program within the plant.

"If we can do it in one case," he said, "we can do it all over the state. And all over the country. And we will."

He showed me some proposals his unionists had made in several of Jersey's shops. I pass a couple on to you urging this consideration: these are but two from several individuals. Multiply them by the thousands and imagine what a change could be effected in saving time and materials.

They were carefully typed on "memo blanks" to the men responsible in the plants concerned:

"Hereafter," one said, "on all shafts bearing threaded ends, see that nut is placed over thread and accompanies shaft through production to protect thread. This practice should be strictly observed." What had happened was this: a worker had noticed that shafts with threaded ends went through the whole plant, were inevitably battered in the course of the journey, and the delicate threading became worn before the end of the process. The worker observing this suggested the simple device which would save many man-hours in rethreading battered ends.

Or this: "It is reported that 28-280 series brackets were recently welded where pieces included in the bracket were not welded level and some cases were up as much as three-sixteenths of an inch above where they should have been. This uneven welding meant a lot of unnecessary grinding. It is suggested in the future, if it was a new welder that did the job, that you keep a closer eye on these jobs." And so they go, these suggestions that save invaluable minutes and hours, which piled up by the thousands spell victory.

DESPITE the fact that most employers are increasingly eager to make the necessary adjustments to achieve maximum production, a proportion of them still do not see eye to eye



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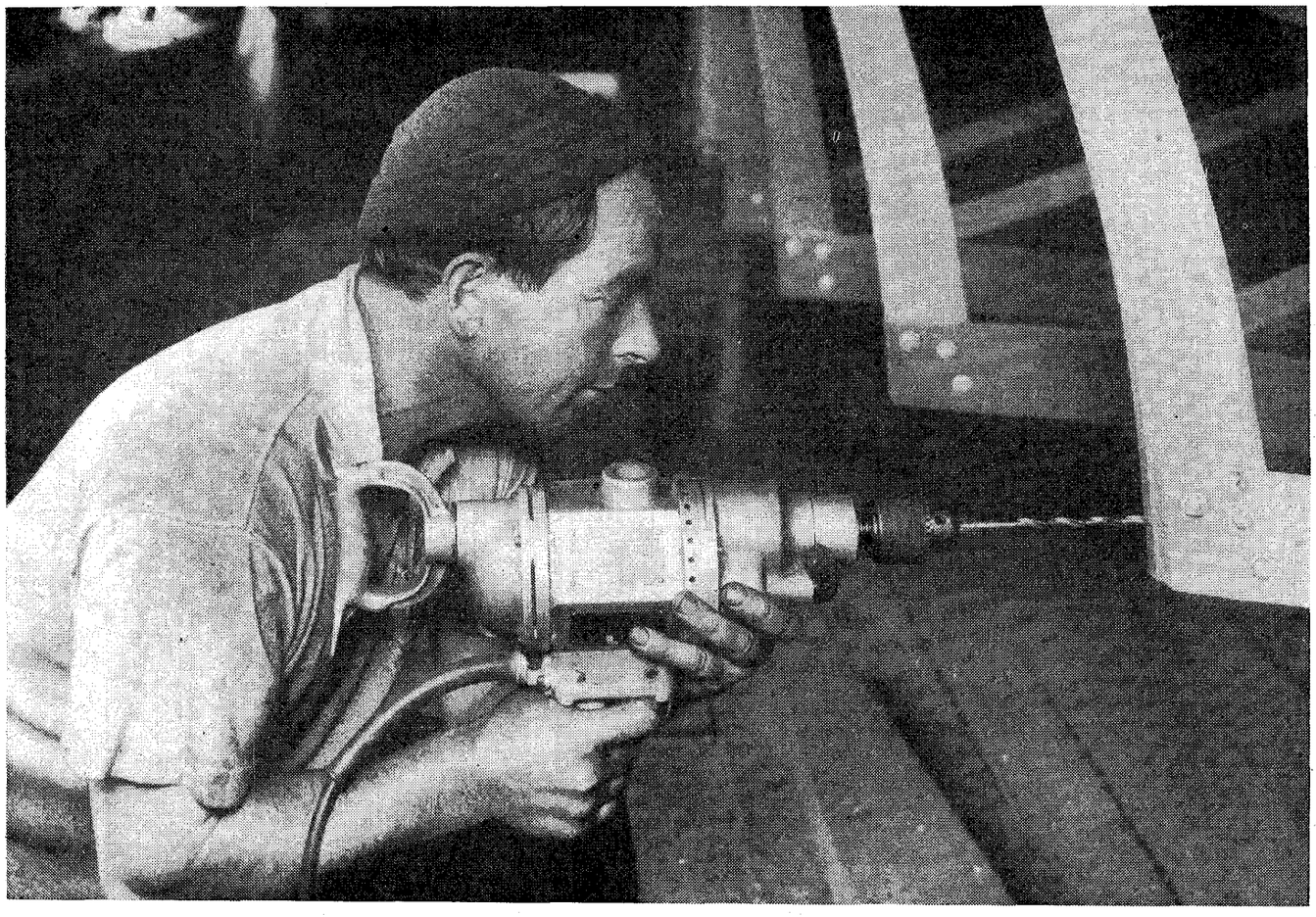

*Finishing the frame for a Navy speed boat*

with Messrs. Merill and Rhinehart, Murray and Nelson.

Not all are like Mr. Rhinehart, for example, who felt that national unity "was expanding" in the country and that "labor certainly must be drawn into the war effort through the joint production committees." Not all of them feel as he does about breaking down color barriers: "Negroes should have the same rights as whites, and not only for the duration, but for all time." Not all of them would wire Washington, as he did, "I sincerely resent the rabble rousing Nazi propaganda being carried on by Coughlin." Certain other employers are guided almost completely by an anti-labor bias. They are chained to the past by outworn practices, baseless suspicions, antiquated goals. They complicate matters because they in turn create counter-suspicions among certain categories of their employes. They provide a basis for the Coughlinite propaganda that continues to be spread throughout the state. And remember that the habitues of former Camp Nordland, the Nazi hangout, are extant throughout northern Jersey—many still surreptitiously spreading their pro-Hitler propaganda.

Nonetheless, unionists are grappling with these knotty issues. They won't take No for an answer.

There they marched, some 500 strong, in the bright spring morning before the copper-smelting plant at E——. The men —young, old, Negro, foreign-born—"A league of Nations we are," one of them said—staged the demonstration at noontime to protest the management's refusal to meet with the union in a joint production drive committee. The men carefully explained that this was no stoppage. "We're demonstrating on our lunch time," they said. Union President Charles McLaren charged that the company was delaying the settlement of an increasing number of shop grievances. This delay provoked a certain demoralization which threatened the considerable increase in output which the union's production committee here had stimulated since Pearl Harbor. In some departments the improvement has been as high as thirty-three percent, due to the initiative of the union committee. But the employer's policy threatened that gain. McLaren cautioned the workers not to slacken in their efforts, come hell or highwater.

The placards were biting in their irony. "The union," one said, "has waived fundamental rights. Why can't the company wave something beside the flag?"

When lunchtime was over, the placards came down, the men went back to work. "We are going back to the machines for our country, realizing the great stake we have in this war," McLaren said.

That evening I stopped in at one of the worker's homes. It stood off the pavement, behind a small, well-kept lawn. I went into the parlor. Over the mantelpiece hung a picture of my friend—in 1918's uniform—(he had fought at Chateau-Thierry) and beneath his photo was a full-page newspaper photograph of Capt. Colin Kelly, Jr. "A first class fighting man," I said. My friend nodded, and then remarked slyly, "Another first class fighting man," as he pointed to his own picture. "When I was in France . . ." he began, but his wife broke in gently but firmly. "Yes, yes, Tom," she said, "we know all about that." Then she handed me a snapshot of a young man in what seemed to be an aviator's outfit. He was sturdily built, and smiled out of the photo at you. "He's a bomber," she said proudly. "He was engaged to my daughter, Mary. She's at first-aid class tonight. He's been fighting somewhere in the Pacific. Sent this picture to Mary." She glanced at the door, evidently fearful that Mary would walk in. "His father's afraid he's lost." Her voice dropped to a whisper. "I haven't mentioned this to Mary." Later I had occasion to talk to Mary. She told me of her bomber. "I'm afraid he's lost," she said in a low voice. She told me she was keeping her fears to herself, that she hadn't mentioned them to her mother.

And that's New Jersey. JOSEPH NORTH.



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# The dike begins to crack

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# Dollars, Sense, and Production

***A report on labor's proposals for a rounded war economy. Where the question of wages fits in....Another case of patent abuse.***

*Washington.*

MOST of the talk these days among union leaders revolves around the need for some sort of comprehensive legislative program dealing with price control, rationing, taxes, and similar economic problems. What the President will say on these matters in his forthcoming fireside broadcast is, of course, the subject of a great deal of speculation. Anticipating the White House speech, Labor's Victory Board will present to President Roosevelt labor's views on what should be done toward shifting American economy to meet the demands of war. Already the UAW-CIO has hammered out a broad platform of its own; and the electrical workers have also offered suggestions. But the cause of a good deal of the discussion at the moment arises from the very intensive newspaper campaign to limit any economic proposals to a consideration of freezing wages.

However, for all the press can do, inflation and related economic problems are far broader than the question of wage rates. Union spokesmen with whom I've talked put the issue simply: as things now stand, inadequate price control and the frenzied scramble of certain owners for swollen profits have caused abrupt increases in living costs. According to the Department of Labor, these costs are 11.7 percent above last year's index (other sources estimate an increase in retail prices as high as twenty-five percent), and 0.6 percent higher in February than in January. Consequently workers have been forced to seek higher wages in order to meet mounting prices. Nor can the present standard of living be considered too munificent for the average industrial employe when it is remembered that 350,000,000 man-days are lost on an average in a year because of sickness among industrial workers. There remains the very real need to improve war production efficiency by cutting down absenteeism caused by ill health. Yet this cannot be accomplished if wages are held at stationary levels while prices rise unchecked. Wage control without adequate price control would only slash living standards of those who operate America's productive machine.

As could be expected, those most vocal in their demands for wage freezing turn out to be least anxious to discuss larger economic issues. These reactionaries exhibit a remarkable lack of interest when it comes to ways and means of best organizing our economy for victory over fascism; rather, they concentrate all energy on perfecting schemes to smash the labor movement. On one front, they clamor for the Smith-Vinson and Connally bills; on another front, they urge wage freezing as an additional blow against union security. The fact that the unions play a crucial role in the production offensive, and therefore that labor strength is vital to the war effort, impresses them not at all.

Labor is not kindly disposed toward "plans" to regulate wages and nothing else. Moreover, labor makes a severe differentiation between wage *control* and wage *freezing*. Since the spring of 1941 wage rates have remained almost unaltered on an industry-wide basis. Price rises reduce the purchasing power of those whose wage income does not keep pace—so that workers are confronted with a quandry: either they must accept a deep reduction in their standard of living, by no means high; or they must insist that wage rates also climb with prices. The unions contend that inadequate price control has permitted the all too rapid inflation of retail prices. Any demand, they say, for higher wages is clearly the result of the failure to control prices. Once prices are held within reason, then the unions will not be forced to turn their attention from the production front to wage controversies.

In Washington today labor leaders emphasize the added need to ration all necessities. All people during this war for national survival must be assured, regardless of income, a rightful share of basic commodities without which they lack the physical stamina to do their job with utmost speed and precision. Logically, too, taxes should be distributed so that the individual is not robbed of his ability to purchase necessities for himself and family. Therefore, labor opposes all sales-tax schemes, because invariably such taxes penalize most heavily the lowest income groups; and labor insists that controls be placed on profiteering—through strict excess-profits taxes and income levies on the wealthy.

The unions also repudiate reactionary arguments that cite glowingly the example of Canada, where wage freezing has been instituted. They point out that this legislation has certainly not spurred the Canadian war effort. Far better to look toward England for precedent, where British industry still grants wage increases, and where collective bargaining continues. Wage freezing advocates in Congress and elsewhere in government quite openly predict that their measures will kill collective bargaining in the United States, as it has for all practical purposes in Canada.

I talked to one leading unionist down here who explained labor's attitude toward the wage problem as follows: "Wages are not, and we must not allow wages to become, the first consideration. We don't rule out some sort of voluntary wage agreements to eliminate disputes during the war. Even so, these disputes have been exaggerated out of all proportion. Labor



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has waived the right to strike for the duration—and wage demands now go before the War Labor Board for final decision. No stoppage of work is possible or considered; no disruption of production schedules occurs because a request is made for wage adjustment. So far as overtime pay for work over forty hours a week—that is legitimate particularly when you realize the existence of over 7,000,000 unemployed in January, and the efficiency achieved by keeping working hours within certain limits."

He continued, "This problem of wage control isn't so vital when it comes to workers now earning one dollar an hour or more. At those rates, a fellow employed for forty hours a week makes a fairly decent income—and some unions have suggested savings plans for earnings that go much beyond this point. To be frank, even forty dollars a week isn't any too much with living expenses what they are today. According to AFL estimates, it costs a family of five forty-five dollars a week at present prices to maintain a standard of 'health and decency.'

"But to make clear what organized labor is thinking—legislation must still not take the form of arbitrary wage *freezing* to be applied without intelligence or flexibility. We still must be able to adjust wages upward for those in sub-standard categories—those earning $800 or $1,000 a year. We still must have ways of making limited adjustments within industries or between different sections of the country. Back in 1937 the US Steel plants, to use a typical example, had over 15,000 different wage rates—and that condition still continues. In many individual cases, rates represent injustices—these must remain subject to solution."

He paused. "Most revealing of all," he went on, "the diehards in Congress talk *only* wage freezing—and certain department heads like Leon Henderson and Director of Budget Harold Smith are inclined to stress wages to the exclusion of everything else. Today wages are not labor's main concern. Labor is straining above all else to win the war. Workers need and have a right to some guarantee of union security; once that is granted, wages during wartime become secondary. But when we see an attempt made to isolate wages from all other economic factors, we are alert enough to recognize the move as nothing more than a disguised attempt to smash the unions. The defeatists don't care about winning victory. They only want to 'get' the unions. Such plots against organized labor must be understood for what they are—out and out sabotage of the war effort."

★

THE abuse of patents—exposed in the TNEC reports last year and too generally ignored—is not limited to one company. The Standard Oil case revealed the aid given to the enemy by a company which refused to allow crucial patents to be used by industry in this country even during the national emergency. Now General Electric and Alcoa are being scrutinized for the same offense. Shortly the farmers of America will protest against still another example of patent abuse which has interfered with the war effort.

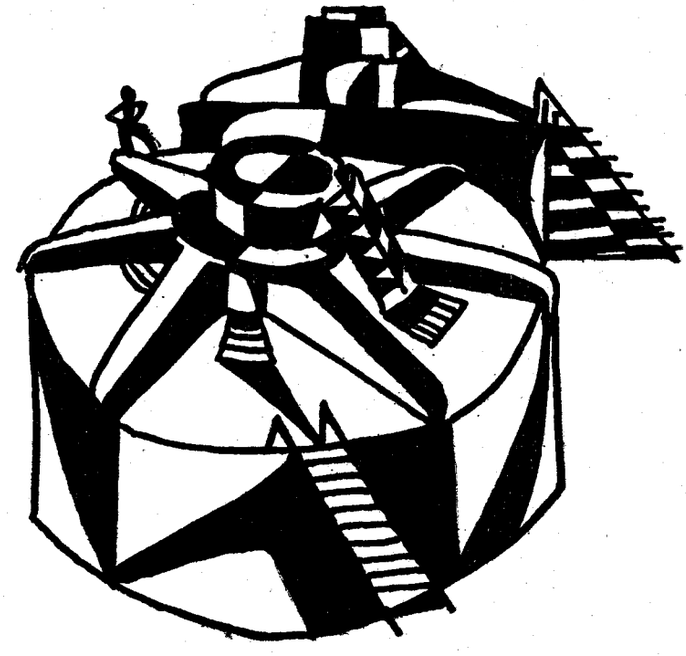
It is a very simple case. The Department of Agriculture has launched a Victory Program for agriculture, urging all farmers to expand crops and to produce more food and raw materials. The farmers have responded. Huge crops will soon be ready for delivery. Much of the produce will go to canneries for packing into containers.

Canneries, short of tin because of the inability to obtain adequate supplies now that the Far East is in Japanese hands, must think of new types of containers. The packers quite naturally expected to substitute glass for tin cans. But they have discovered that glass containers are not so easy to obtain—because a few companies won't release patents.

The Hartford Empire Co. and the Corning Glass Works control a number of patents. They refuse to rent or sell patented machinery to packers. Inter-company "agreements" forbid this, they say. Glass containers must be made by Hartford or Corning, and then shipped to the plants. If these companies cannot produce containers fast enough, then the packers—and the farmers and the public—are out of luck. The cost of transporting containers from plants located in the Midwest to packers in the Far West or South is exorbitant. The strain on the transportation system, already overburdened, is needless. Nevertheless, those who hold the patents will not provide packers with machines capable of making the glass containers—even though these machines are available or can be produced in short order.

The government has already indicted the Hartford Empire Co., along with eleven other companies, for violation of the anti-trust laws. The Owen Illinois Glass Co. has been charged with restraint of trade and with monopolizing patents of mechanical glass making equipment used in manufacturing fruit jars and milk bottles. But anti-trust suits are long drawn-out affairs—and in the meantime, the packers and the Victory Program in agriculture suffer. It is certainly not reassuring to learn that the head of the War Production Board's container branch is Julian H. Toulouse of the Owens Illinois Glass Co. Of the eleven executives in WPB's food supplies branch, two are under anti-trust indictment, and three are in charge of production programs for commodities in which their companies deal.

Government officials charged with violation of anti-trust laws are clearly not the right men to supervise war production. The danger of this sort of setup was proved once and for all in OPM days when William Knudsen was plodding along the business-as-usual bypaths. Those who are mixed up in anti-trust suits and in patent agreements that restrain free trade have no business directing WPB branches. Particularly since Mr. Nelson has made very clear that no dollar-a-year man should be given responsibility for a WPB division in which the branch head's own company has a major interest. Mr. Toulouse and those like him have the obligation to resign immediately, if for no other reason than the fact that they are violating WPB rules by remaining in their present posts.



Foster



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# HOW TO INVADE EUROPE

***The lessons of Dunkirk in reverse.***

THREE hundred thousand British and other troops were evacuated from the beaches of Dunkirk almost two years ago. The flower of the German Army was after those troops. An overwhelming portion of the *Luftwaffe* was swarming over those beaches. The Allied troops had just come out of the greatest military disaster in modern times. The Allied front was strategically broken. France was tottering on its last legs. The Soviet Union and the United States were not in the war.

Today eighty percent of the German divisions are engaged on the Eastern Front. A bare fraction of the *Luftwaffe* is poised in western Europe, as may be judged by the feeble interference the great British raids are encountering. British troops have had almost two years to organize. The Soviet Union and the United States are in the war. Great Britain has come through its home ordeals with flying colors and its people have every reason to feel their oats.

In the days of Dunkirk, Europe was dazed by German invincibility. Today all Europe knows that the German Army can be beaten. The horrors of Nazi serfdom have been tasted by all, while two years ago many expected at least some crumbs of miserable well being from their new masters.

Two years ago the German Army had lost thousands of men. Today it has lost millions. Then it had just acquired the arsenals of Europe and had practically not spent its own. Today it has lost almost a score thousand of planes and tanks and a score-and-five thousand guns. Two years ago a disarmed army of gallant Britishers and a crumbling French Army was all that faced the legions of Hitler. Today the greatest military might in the world is pummeling the German Army on the plains of the Soviet Union.

Allied production had not even started. Now it goes full blast. And still, two years ago a motley conglomeration of bottoms took an army of 300,000 men across the Channel in a few hours while the embryo of the RAF gave them effective enough protection. This is why I am asking now: why not a Dunkirk in reverse? The other day I asked several people that question. A bright youngster in his teens spoke up and said: "But at Dunkirk it was a question of *get out, or else. . . .* That's why it was done." My answer to this is: "Today it is a question of *get in, or else.*" Therefore, the incentive being practically the same and the circumstances incomparably more favorable, it is my firm opinion that a Dunkirk in reverse is possible. More than that: it is necessary immediately—now, not next year.

THE planning of an invasion of western Europe in force is such a stupendous undertaking that no single man who is not an army, navy, and air force past master, all in one, can possibly tackle it. I am far from being not only all this in one, but even one of the three. Therefore, what follows should not be construed as advice to the Allied strategists, but something on the order of a word picture of what might happen. Far from daring to advise at what spot an allied invasion should be made, I simply take Dunkirk as a sort of symbol. Now, how could the whole thing start?

The tremendous offensive of the RAF now going on would, let us say, shift its aim to the railroad junctions of the French, Belgian, and Dutch coast, between Brest and Amsterdam. There are approximately two score such junctions, including the railheads. (I count only the junctions whose destruction would block the railroads leading to the coast or paralleling it, but disregard those of a secondary nature.) Other air squadrons would concentrate on the German airdromes. A third group would blast the naval bases on the French coast. About nineteen main railroads are concentrated in the area between Brest in Brittany and Helder in Holland.

This triple assault would last for, say, two weeks, as the Red Air Force assault on the Finnish communications lasted in January 1940. During this period the *Luftwaffe* would shift a goodly number of squadrons from the East to the threatened area. With these squadrons would come thousands of AA-guns, searchlights, and other paraphernalia of AA defense. Big air battles would ensue with the Germans outnumbered in the air, despite their efforts, because they would not be able to denude the Soviet Front of even half the planes engaged there with the Red Air Force holding the edge as it were. This phase of the assault would be followed by, let us say, fifty or 100 Commando raids on points on the coast, ranging from Trondheim to Bordeaux. The Commandos would try to do exactly what they did in Saint-Nazaire. The Germans would well understand that ninety-nine percent of these raids were of a diversionary character, with only one or two, maybe, directed at the spot where the big assault in tremendous force would come.

This is where the aerial assault would be suddenly shifted to, say, the Brest-Cherbourg-Nantes area, with a simultaneous demonstration by the British Navy in view of the coast of the Finisterre. The German divisions available in France (some twenty or twenty-five) already would be rushing in to the westernmost peninsula of France. Divisions of German troops held in reserve behind the Eastern Front would begin to streak westward to meet the new menace. Here the RAF and the USAF would detail special bombers to strike at the bridges across the Rhine, paying especial attention to the Hohenzollern Brücke at Cologne. At the same time heavy bombing would be directed at the railroad junctions controlling the entrance to the Finistere and the Morbihan. The impression would be created that the blow would be struck in the western tip of France.

It may be reasonably assumed that the Commandos would



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keep at least half a dozen German divisions busy all over the coast, while the demonstration would "hold" another three or four divisions. Thus half of the available German divisions in France would be engaged, with the other half immobilized by the French internal situation.

The real invasion would have to deal principally with those troops which by this time would have been brought back from the Eastern Front. These troops, don't forget, have lost their cockiness and have had enough fighting. At this moment, and after a couple of diversionary parachute landings, say, in Rennes and in Caen, the real thing would be loosed somewhere in the Lille-Douai-Arras triangle, thus gumming up the communications between the interior and the coast between Calais and Dunkirk. After that—Dunkirk in reverse, but with this difference: real ships and invasion barges instead of the assorted pleasure yachts and dinghies which worked so heroically at Dunkirk two years ago. Fresh troops, trained for the offensive, instead of beaten troops. And above all, now—a sort of conveyor of planes overhead.

Assuming that the round trip of a plane across this part of the Channel is 100 miles, and the average speed is 200 miles per hour, a conveyor of 180 planes would make it possible for a plane to pass over a given target in the area every ten seconds. Four conveyors like that (some 800 planes) would cover a lane across the channel. Under this canopy of planes the invasion fleet would move to shore, just as it moved away from shore two years ago. It would be protected on both sides by "walls" of destroyers, trawlers, and submarines.

Just before the approach of the invasion fleet to the shores of France, a good portion of the Allied bombers would shift their fire to the German coastal batteries. A thousand bombers, dive bombers, and bombing fighters could make a shambles of the strip of land between Calais, Dunkirk, Etaples, and Hazebrook. This blanket bombing, it must be admitted, would have to be kept up for about seventy-two hours to give the invading army a chance to unload at least its light equipment under very difficult conditions. Air transport would help by bringing baby tanks, motorcycles, and field guns.

With 3,000 Allied planes aiding and covering the operation, a second front could be established. The Red Army performed a similar feat on a smaller scale, but under just as difficult circumstances, in reentering the Crimea at the turn of the year. The Japanese did it in Java, for instance. The next thing would be to capture landing places equipped for the disembarking of heavy stuff. These places would be Dunkirk, Calais, and Abbeville. It is my firm belief that by that time an insurrection would be flaring up in the Paris area with the help of a new parachute landing by Free Frenchmen.

ALL this may sound like a fairy tale. It may be, as far as the blueprint sketched by an amateur in such things is concerned. It might have to be done in a different way and in a different place. If this writer thought he had a really operative plan, he would not disclose it in print. But, stubborn as old Cato with his "Carthage must be destroyed," I repeat again and again: a second front is absolutely essential to draw off two-score divisions from the Eastern Front, and such a venture as described above would have that effect. It would be costly, but much less costly than a five- or ten-year war. Three hundred thousand men got out at Dunkirk. Three hundred thousand men can get in at Dunkirk . . . or somewhere else. Two years ago 125 German divisions with twelve panzer divisions and an almost undisputed *Luftwaffe* were in and over Belgium and northern France. There are no more than twenty divisions with maybe one or two panzer divisions and a fraction of the *Luftwaffe* now. The invasion is feasible and a plan can and must be worked out, but by better men than I.

# WESTERN FRONT NOW: *An Editorial*

MORE than a full month of the critical spring of 1942 has come and gone. The somber outlines of the world position, which we have been projecting for some months, are now becoming clearer to the whole country.

In the Far East the Japanese continue to press north of the oil regions in Burma toward the heights of Mandalay; attacks upon India are expected momentarily; the initiative remains with the enemy even though the picture is somewhat relieved by the effective Allied air defense north of Australia and the dramatic raids against the Philippines and Tokyo.

In Europe things are approaching the inexorable crisis. Soviet authorities express confidence and the Red Army pushes forward toward the bend of the Dnieper, toward Smolensk and east of Leningrad. But it is also noticeable that the Nazis have intensified their air activity; despite heavy losses they continue to feel out the strength of the Soviet lines where these lines are at all stable, and to resist fiercely the Soviet advance.

There is a certain dead balance in the war news: in the Pacific things still go against us; in Europe the question is whether the balance will be swung in our favor or in favor of the enemy. How to swing these things toward our side: that is the big issue of the next four months.

Thus far, nothing official has been published on Gen. George Marshall's visit to London, together with Harry Hopkins. The newspaper comment is not very revealing, but it also does not make for anything very definitive.

Nor was the President's remark, about a two- or three-year war conclusive one way or the other. Obviously a second front would not necessarily end the war this year, especially in the Pacific. But if it were launched, the crisis of the war which is coming this summer would have been met: the United Nations would have breasted the tide, and grasped the initiative.

Secretary of War Henry Stimson's statement that an offensive is near, was encouraging. But what is clearly needed is a widely amplified, popular discussion of the issue, a realization among really wide circles of the great dangers that the war holds for us this year and the truly great opportunities that also exist to meet them.

Fortunately, and this is one of the truly significant developments of the past weeks, the Western Front issue is not being left to editorialists and columnists alone. The labor movement is taking up the cry, and something similar to the acute popular consciousness that exists in England on this issue is beginning to develop. Two weeks ago the state CIO council meeting in New Jersey projected a Western Front. In the past week CIO councils in Minnesota and New York took up the demand.

In countless union meetings throughout the land, the general conviction that "defense will not win the war" is being translated into concrete letters and resolutions to Congress and to the President favoring a Western Front. Much more has got to be done —and fast.



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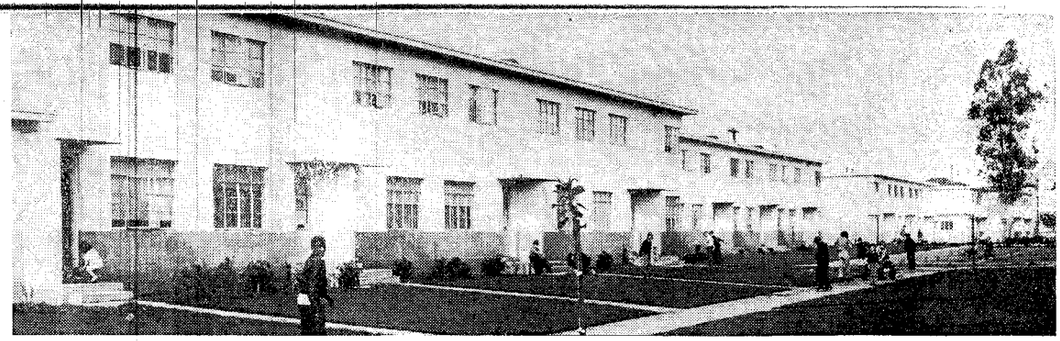

# Good Neighbor Project

***How one of California's low cost housing developments fosters the spirit of friendship between Negro and white. Jim Crow takes a licking.***

CAMPBELL VILL. is a government low cost housing project, opened in Oakland, Calif., on July 1, 1941. In many respects it is typical of the numerous projects of this type that have been built in many cities across the country. But in one respect it is radically different.

One hundred fifty-four average-sized American families now live in Campbell Village. Eighty-four of these families are Negro; the rest are white. And in nearly a year of occupancy Campbell Village has yet to record one single instance of racial trouble between Negroes and whites.

Of course, in Oakland there is no fifth column Ku Klux Klan group working to stir up dissension between the Negro and white people, as there was in Detroit where trouble between whites and Negroes over the Sojourner Truth Project has made fancy headlines for the appeaser newspapers.

Campbell Village, about two large city blocks in size, was built in the very heart of Oakland's shabby West Side, a district inhabited by Negro and white workers with a sprinkling of Mexicans and Puerto Ricans. The project is managed by William P. Butler, short, smiling, middle-aged Negro. He is tremendously liked by all of the project tenants and in turn is extremely proud of the project.

The living units range from three and one-half to five and one-half rooms. In some cases the kitchen is exceptionally large and that accounts for the extra half-unit. Rents range from fourteen dollars to twenty-five dollars per month, including utilities. But rent is paid according to size of family and of income. Thus, a man with a small income and a large family may occupy one of the five and one-half room units, a man with a small family one of the smaller units. There are several community laundries spaced about the grounds as well as community parking lots.

In contrast to the surrounding neighborhood, Campbell Project is painted—in light colors—and is surrounded by lawns and flowers. Its long buildings containing the dwelling units are separated by a large spaceway which in turn encloses a playground for children.

This much, of course, is typical of all government housing projects. But the friendly atmosphere—that's something else again.

*Friends and neighbors at Campbell Village.*

I visited the project on a Saturday and of course the kids were out in full force. On their knees surrounding a bare patch of ground were eight young boys, playing marbles. Five were Negro; three, white. I was nearly run down by a tiny white girl pedaling a tricycle with all the energy of her sturdy legs. And on the back of the tricycle was a pretty little Negro girl. The two were laughing in shrieks at some private, kids' joke. On the front steps of one of the dwelling units two Negro housewives sat in the sun, talking with a white woman. The sidewalks were alive with youngsters, black and white.

Mr. Butler took me on a tour of the project. We first knocked at a door of one of the larger dwelling units. A young Negro woman answered. It was a bit embarrassing —for me, at least. Here it was, not later than ten o'clock in the morning. The women were all busy cleaning up their homes, washing clothes, tending kids. But Mrs. Smith only smiled broadly. "Come in," she said, "if you don't mind the mess. I haven't even begun to clean up the house."

The rooms were large and airy—a kitchen, a sitting room, two bedrooms, and a tiled bathroom. There were flowers on the sitting room table, a piano in one corner. The kitchen floor was covered with inlaid linoleum; there were a table-top gas stove and a tile sink.

We visited one of the community laundry units. A Negro and white woman were doing clothes—one ironing, the other tending a washing machine—and they were in a lively discussion about schools and the problems of raising children.

"How do you like it here now, Mrs. Ramsay?" Butler asked the white woman. She was a comparative newcomer to the project, he explained.

"I like it fine," she said. "Best place I ever lived in my life. I sure would hate to move out now." We must have talked to a dozen mothers that morning, Negro and white, and all had the same answer.

We went from there into the main office of the project. Butler's office is small; the rest of the building soon is to become an auditorium, a library, a general recreation center for Campbell Village tenants. "We are going to organize a theater here," Butler said. "I think that's a good way to get people interested in something outside their jobs. And sometime soon I hope we can have Sunday night forums where all these people can come to hear speakers on subjects that are close to them. A place where they can discuss things, give their opinions about local and international affairs.

"I've found out if you let these people alone they'll get along. These people here," and he swept his arm wide indicating not only Campbell Village but its surrounding conglomeration of drab homes, "these working people are the best people in the world. They're the salt of the earth. We're building democracy here, building it instead of just talking about it."

I asked him what effect the project had had on the lives of the children.

"Well," he asked, "would you like to hear what the police captain has to say about that? Come on, I'll drive you down to the city hall."

I put my question to Captain of Police F. L. Barbeau. "We haven't had to answer a single call to that project since it opened," he said. "We've had no trouble there, either with children or adults."

Captain Barbeau, it appeared, had not been in favor of Campbell Village when the project was first conceived. Neither were the real estate interests nor the landlords who owned the homes in the district. But now the captain takes all his friends out to the project and shows them around. He's proud of it.

A few blocks away another housing project is under construction. It will be operated along the same lines. There will be no Jim Crow segregation of Negroes and whites. But for the duration of the war it will be occupied solely by workers in war industries. It will be twice as large as Campbell Village.

So, you see what is being done in Oakland —where Negro and white people are allowed to shape their own lives, where the Ku Klux Klan and the fifth columnists are not an influence.

DON RUSSELL.



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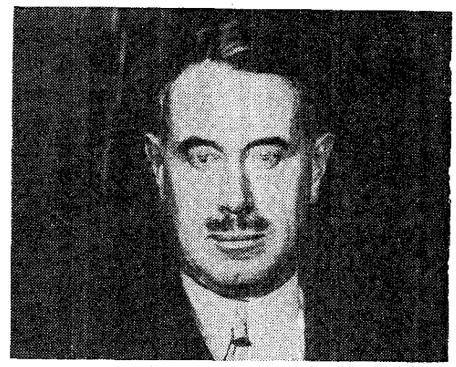
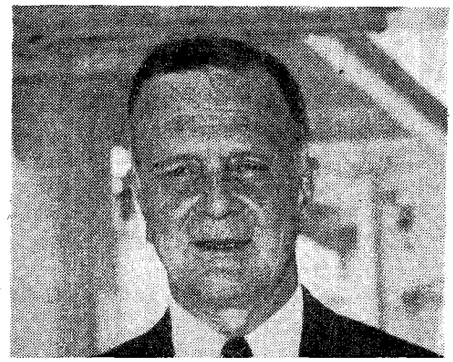
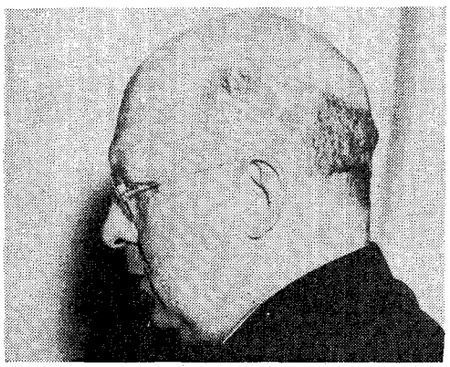
# WHAT ABOUT THEM, MR. BIDDLE?

**CHARLES COUGHLIN.** His *Social Justice* has been barred from the mails, but it is still hawked on the streets. This American Goebbels is free to spout the sedition of *Social Justice*. Coughlin is an avowed fascist, and proud of it. He has attacked our government in the words of the Nazis and attempted to spread disaffection in the armed forces. He has violated federal and Canon law. If *Social Justice* is seditious—as the government has shown it is—then so is Coughlin.

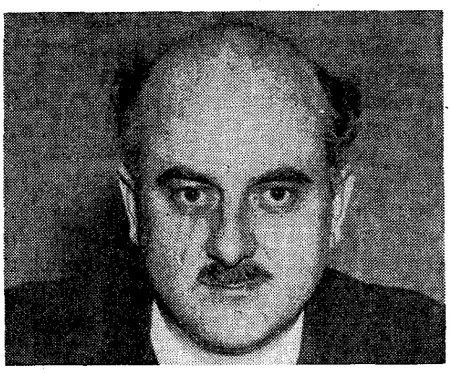


**GERALD L. K. SMITH.** A former chum of Coughlin, Smith in 1936 organized a fascist Committee of One Million with the avowed intention to "seize the government of the United States." The committee, which claims 3,000,000 members, now operates from Detroit, spreading lies against President Roosevelt and our allies, Britain and Russia. Last month Smith started publishing a monthly "magazine" called *The Cross and the Flag,* which calls for the return of the US Fleet to our own shores.





**JAMES COLESCOTT.** Also operating from Detroit, this "Imperial Wizard" of the Ku Klux Klan has reorganized his white-hooded thugs along military lines, the better to carry out his fifth column work. Colescott's publication is *The Fiery Cross,* which attacks Jews, Catholics, and all good democrats, but supports Martin Dies. The Klan has worked closely with the Nazi Bund. Like Gerald L. K. Smith's outfit, it is attempting to disrupt the United Automobile Workers of America, in order to cripple the nation's largest war industry.



**GERALD WINROD.** This anti-Semitic loudmouth, who has run loose for years, was recently summoned to Washington for questioning by a Grand Jury which convicted Nazi propagandist George Sylvester Viereck. Winrod was once given a trip to Berlin and entertained there by Hitler's men. He, like Coughlin, blames "the Jews" for the war, and his publication, *The Defender,* is largely devoted to this lie. Winrod is another anti-democrat, who tries to sweeten his acrid hate campaigns with "patriotic" protestations.

**MRS. ELIZABETH DILLING.** The author of *The Red Network* is also author of *The Octopus,* a peculiarly low collection of anti-Semitic lies. Her mimeographed bulletin, mailed to thousands, slanders the Russian and Chinese people and American enemies of Hitler. Mrs. Dilling believes this is a "Jewish war," and would like to see Roosevelt impeached. She was one of the first founders of the various phony "mother" groups which worked for Hitler by attempting to spread disaffection among American soldiers in camp.

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# The enemies within

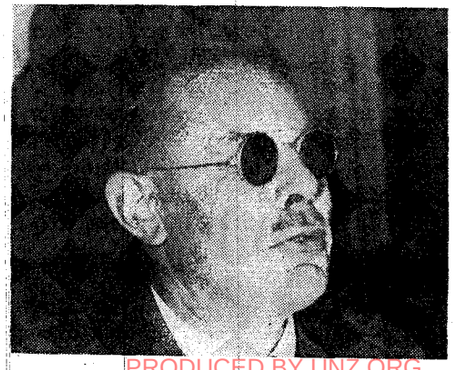
**COL. ROBERT R. McCORMICK.** The publisher of the Chicago *Tribune* endorsed Mrs. Dilling's *Red Network* and has befriended Harry Jung, organizer of anti-Semitic, vigilante outfits. His paper, with over 1,000,000 circulation, is devoted to spreading defeatism and distrust of our President and Commander in Chief, as well as our allies. It has indirectly suggested the impeachment of Roosevelt, whom the *Tribune* blames for American military setbacks. Pro-Hitler groups, particularly in the Midwest, quote the *Tribune*—as the Axis press quotes it.

**CAPT. JOSEPH PATTERSON.** As publisher of the New York *Daily News,* Colonel McCormick's first cousin also attempts to foment defeatism and disruption of national unity. His paper has suggested editorially that defense bonds and stamps might be a worthless investment. It whines over priorities and rationing as "dictatorial" measures. Like the *Tribune,* it blames the administration for military defeats and attacks Britain and the Soviet Union. Its "Voice of the People" contains Coughlinite material, and the *News* has editorially defended anti-Semitism.

**CLARE HOFFMAN.** The "gentleman from Michigan" was recently questioned by a Washington Grand Jury about his connections with George Sylvester Viereck. He has delivered, reprinted, and distributed a speech subtitled "Roosevelt Is a Judas" and has proposed impeaching the President. Hoffman publicized, through the *Congressional Record,* the exact location of a bombproof shelter for the White House. He is a favorite of the Chicago *Tribune* and pro-Nazi organizations.

**HAMILTON FISH.** The "gentleman from New York" is another Viereck sponsor, who has used his congressional frank to speak pro-Nazi propaganda. He has also defended Japan, comparing its "New Order" in the East to our own Monroe Doctrine. Fish has been a pet of isolationist groups, particularly the America First crowd, and his congressional speeches were widely distributed by anti-American organizations. He has been entertained in Nazi Germany and upon returning, suggested that the democracies give Hitler "everything he wants" to avoid war.

**MARTIN DIES.** Vice-President Wallace has already said it: "Dies is a greater danger to our national safety than thousands of Axis soldiers within our borders." The Axis radio quotes him. He has never investigated Coughlin or the KKK—for the very good reason that they love and support him. His un-American committee has not touched scores of fascist groups, though it has consistently persecuted outstanding democrats. Dies has praised the "American Coalition of Patriotic Societies," an affiliate of the Nazi-controlled International Anti-Communist Entente.



**CHARLES W. HUDSON.** This Hitler-lover from Omaha, Nebr., was recently arrested for refusing to answer questions by the Grand Jury investigating Viereck et al. Later he decided to talk, and was released. Hudson mailed around copies of Hoffman's "Roosevelt Is a Judas" speech, enclosing a card so seditious that the newspapers couldn't print it. His mimeographed bulletin is titled *America in Danger!* The "danger," according to Hudson, is not from Hitler but from "those who call themselves Jews"—who will lead the "Yellow Race" in a war against the "White Race."

**LAWRENCE DENNIS.** Here is the "intellectual" of the fascists. The author of *The Coming American Fascism* continues to publish his "Weekly Foreign Letter" which explains, in refined language and tortured logic, that the war is all Stalin's and that Roosevelt and Churchill are simply dupes in the interest of "Communist world revolution." The line originates in Berlin. He was turned down when he tried to get a commission in the US Army, because of his pro-Nazi activities. However, he continues those activities as a civilian.

**JOE McWILLIAMS.** "Pretty Boy" McWilliams, a leader of Christian Front streetbrawls, spoke on February 16 to a gathering of "We, the Mothers" in Chicago—a group that thinks President Roosevelt should be impeached, that the Japanese militarists would make lovely allies, and that sugar rationing means "servitude." McWilliams was warmly received. When last heard from, he was advertising, through a leaflet inserted in *Social Justice,* a course in "oratory" which ominously promises to prepare disciples for "patriotic service" in the McWilliams style.

**WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST.** Another pro-fascist who believes it isn't wise to fight Hitler. Disguises this belief with "patriotic" talk about beating Japan first. Hearst extols MacArthur's generalship only to make snide comparisons with the government in Washington. It was brought out at the trial of Laura Ingalls, convicted as a Nazi agent, that she had made arrangements to go to Germany as a Hearst writer. Hearst once paid Goering and Mussolini one dollar a word to exalt Nazism and fascism in the Hearst papers.

**GEORGE DEATHERAGE.** He is on record as favoring overthrow of the government, with rule by "military courts." Deatherage has tried to amalgamate all fascist groups in America into one organization headed by "man on white horse" Maj. Gen. George van Moseley. He organized the Knights of the White Camellia, named for a Klan order of Civil War days, and the American National Federation, with a swastika for its symbol. Deatherage is now a committeeman of the National Workers League, whose chief officials are under federal indictment for fomenting violence at the Sojourner Truth Project.

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# BROOKLYN'S PETE

## *A day in the life of Councilman Cacchione*

Gellert

PETER V. CACCHIONE, the first Communist to be elected to New York's City Council, gives the effect of a whole battery of men working all the time. Pete took his seat in January of this year—after the misguided gentlemen who had played with the idea of attempting to unseat an official duly elected by 48,000 votes (43,000 of them non-Communist) decided not to try the impossible. Shortly after his election Pete sent out more than 23,000 letters to the good citizens of Brooklyn who had signed his nominating petition. In it he pledged to carry out his campaign promise of fighting for a program of national unity and all-out effort to smash Hitlerism. He would continue to fight to maintain those civil liberties, living standards, and labor laws essential to democratic morale. He reaffirmed his promise to go on battling discrimination, racial, religious, political.

So enthusiastic was the response that Pete's calendar ever since has resembled a railroad timetable. People troop into his office every day: Communists and non-Communists, Italians, Jews, Negroes, Irish, beat a path to his door. A small home-owners' organization in the far reaches of Brooklyn, with 600 members, asked Pete to speak to their group, and told him they wanted certain things. They live in a section which is run down and far away (relatively speaking). They wanted a street fixed, a street that was broken and piled with broken stones. Pete took the matter up with the Commissioner of Highways. They wanted a traffic light installed on a corner where children crossed the street on their way to school. Pete left me to spend ten minutes with a Police Department official to see that the light was installed and that a patrolman was stationed on the corner to guide the kids across the street.

Then they said that they wanted a public library. "Imagine it," Pete said to me. "Here's a section of the city that has 700,000 people and there isn't a permanent, established library in the area! There are only a few libraries located in stores and these are inadequately serviced. Brooklyn spends thirty cents per capita for library facilities. Why, there are at least nineteen cities in the United States that spend more. A per capita expenditure of a dollar wouldn't be enough—it would be a minimum." So Pete has informed these people how to go about getting a public library. It will take time—there's a lot of administrative red tape involved, lots of hearings to be conducted—but Pete will follow it up and see that these citizens get their library. He warned them, though, that the war has to be won first of all, and so priorities on building materials get primary consideration. These people are pretty impressed with Pete.

A Peter V. Cacchione Association is springing up in Brooklyn. It is both a political club and a people's cultural organization, mostly comprised so far of Italian-Americans who live in the Sixteenth Assembly District (Bath Beach). The organization is well under way and will hold a dance at the Hotel St. George on April 25. Pete is arranging for lecturers and teachers for this group—dramatic coaches, athletic directors, instructors in civilian defense. There will be lectures in Italian history, and Pete himself is going to conduct a course in the history and traditions of the Italian people in America.

Pete is on good terms with his twenty-five fellow-councilmen, including the very ones who once prepared—and finally pocketed—resolutions to oust him from his seat. When he gets up to speak at the Council's weekly meetings they listen with respect, for he never speaks unless he has something to say and what he says always has point and pertinence. He ably seconded A. Clayton Powell (the first Negro ever elected to the Council) when Powell sponsored a resolution to put the Council on record against anti-Negro discrimination in the four New York City colleges. It was impossible for Powell and Cacchione to "prove" that the discrimination existed—the four college presidents denied it, and as Pete says, "Discrimination is a subtle thing." But they achieved something notable. The Council held a real, serious discussion of discrimination, and member after member rose to attack the evil in whatever form it exists. While Powell's resolution was "filed" (tabled), the discussion itself will bear fruit.

Pete is proud of that discussion. He is also proud of his part in the fight to guarantee free rides for servicemen in the Army and Navy on city and state transit lines. He has spoken in favor of the Jarema bill, which is pending in the state legislature, to make such free transit possible. Another measure, the Guida bill, merely makes it "optional," but this bill was reported out from the Council's committee because, it was contended, the Jarema measure would trespass on home rule rights. The important thing, however, is that conversations are now being held with Mayor LaGuardia which will eventually achieve this worthwhile little goal.

Pete is even prouder of his part in the fight to "freeze" the five-cent fare on city-owned transit lines. He really went to town on this. He sent out letters to 500 organizations, unions, and civic groups, asking their cooperation and comment. They answered him by scores. He personally wrote and published 1,000 copies of a pamphlet entitled "How to Save the Five-Cent Fare" and distributed them to all state officials, legislators, city councilmen, trade unions, civic groups, and to seventy-five delegates at a hearing held in Albany on the five-cent fare. It gratified Pete to hear the delegates quoting liberally from his pamphlet's arguments in support of the Muzzicato bill in the state legislature—Pete was the only councilman backing that particular bill. It passed the state legislature and was signed recently by Governor Lehman.

ONE OF Cacchione's present campaigns in the Council is to have a city park named for Tom Mooney. "It is only fitting," he says, "that the city commemorate the memory of a great American." And Pete does not present ideas and support them simply for the record. He furthers or attempts to initiate progressive legislation for the purpose of educating the people of New York in the functions of their City Council and helping them to develop mass pressure for certain legislation. He has presented seven regular broadcasts over WHOM, reporting to his constituents on the Council's progress in getting things done. These talks deal with municipal, state, national, and international problems. They deal with the committees of which he is a member—Buildings, Codifications, Parks and Playgrounds—as well as with the global war against the Axis. He has talked about discrimination; about the price of milk; about the desirability of retaining twenty-five World War veterans in their county jobs; about politics-as-usual as exemplified by certain Council members. He has discussed the problem of American labor and the war, urging greater production, the settlement of disputes by arbitration or mediation.

For City Councilman Peter V. Cacchione is well aware that the problems of his city are the problems of his country—and the problems of his country are those of the United Nations fighting to maintain their existence against Axis domination.

ALVAH BESSIE.



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# THE WEEK IN REVIEW

## Free Him Now, Mr. President

IT IS easy to see why the campaign to release Earl Browder has taken on ever greater urgency and determination since the National Free Browder Congress of March 28 and 29. Every day that goes by compounds the injustice that has been done to Browder as an individual and to the embattled nation which has been deprived of his anti-fascist services. As the 400th day of his imprisonment is reached, there is a deepened sense that President Roosevelt should immediately exercise his power of executive clemency to end a situation that gives comfort only to the enemies of our war effort.

The petitions that reached the President last week, for example, came from sections of the United States and Latin America that are most vitally involved in the war. Somewhere at sea, risking their lives against Axis U-boats, the crew of the *SS Norfolk* held a meeting on the war, urged the release of Browder. *A total of ninety-nine ships' crews have now taken this action.* From Frostburg, Md., came the news that Local 688 of the United Mine Workers had petitioned the President. In Idaho: six officials of the International Mill, Mine and Smelter Workers Union. In New Jersey: fifteen trade union leaders. In Detroit: a United Auto Workers Local that includes 13,000 tool and die makers. And these are the people who are giving all they have for victory; who therefore see the release of Browder as part of the necessary strategy of victory.

That is why the General Federation of Workers of Oriente Province in Cuba, representing 70,000 workers, asked the Cuban ambassador to bring their petition to the White House. And that is why in Tuxpam, Mexico, a federation of oil workers comprising ninety-three trade unions and cooperatives, complained last week that Browder's imprisonment is "depriving all of us of his genius in the present crisis."

Rev. A. Clayton Powell, Negro councilman of New York City, wrote in last week's issue of *The People's Voice,* Negro newspaper: "We are not concerned with passing judgment on his political beliefs, we are concerned with America, and America is justice. Justice demands the release of Earl Browder." And last week the Citizens Committee to Free Earl Browder, headed by Warren K. Billings, announced several important additions to its list of sponsors: Dr. Abram Flexner, Director Emeritus, Institute for Advanced Study at Princeton; Prof. Thomas Addis of Stanford University; Judge Edward Totten of Minneapolis; Ferdinand Smith, vice-president of the National Maritime Union; and two new vice-presidents of the Committee, the distinguished Negro educator Max Yergan and Prof. Henry Pratt Fairchild of New York University.

## An Over-All Economic Program

THE President, labor, the nation generally, have been grappling with the order of the day: an over-all economic program that will fully gear the country to the demands of the war. Last week NEW MASSES commented editorially on the preliminary program projected at the recent Auto Union conference: the press this past week, headlined the excellent proposals of New York's 500,000 CIO unionists. Philip Murray's and William Green's insistence on price controls, are, by this time, common knowledge. We wish to draw our readers' attention to another able contribution on this question which appeared in *The Worker,* last Sunday.

"The country's economic problems—prices, profits, rents, taxes, hours, savings, all of which involve the problem of inflation," the editorial pointed out, "cannot be approached singly." All are combined in the single objective—victory.

Seeking to protect the health of the nation and its production soldiers—the men in the factories—the editorial advocated a ceiling on prices and rents. Democratically administered, involving local labor, consumer, as well as governmental representatives, it would not only check retail prices which have risen twenty-five percent since last year, but would also reduce the costs of armaments for the government and the nation. Secondly, it advocated rationing of all consumer supplies where production is limited by priorities or scarcities. Third, it called for the taxation of all excess profits, thus affording the income necessary to foot the war's bills. It proposed "heavier graduated taxes on higher corporate and individual incomes" instead of plans that would cut further into the poorest paid groups. Fourth, on the question of savings, it observed a definite trend for workingmen to invest their extra overtime pay, by union agreement, in US war bonds. Fifth, it urged that the working day should "not exceed the limits of the worker's health and efficiency." As NEW MASSES pointed out several weeks ago in an article "Fatigue Versus Production" by Milton D. Ellis, long hours become wasteful of manpower and materials. It advocated the adjustment of hours to the availability of manpower and urged that Negroes, women, and presently unemployed workers be brought into industry to increase production. It indicated that the forty-hour week in the majority of war industries adequately meets the needs of an effective war program at present.

Such an over-all program should effectively solve the issue of wages, currently the subject of considerable controversy in the press. It provides the answer to those who shout "freeze wages" while all other pertinent economic factors operate unchecked.

Labor has already shown its willingness to sacrifice by pledging no-strike for the duration and by waiving overtime rates. Bruce Minton, on page 9, affords the background to labor's attitude, in his interview with a labor leader. Therefore, as *The Worker* editorial summarizes, it is clear that labor and the government can come to an understanding on the problem of wages without recourse to coercive legislation. If such an over-all economic and anti-inflation program be adopted by Congress, including measures tending towards "wage stabilization," the following considerations must be included: protection of the real wages (living standards) of the workers and people as a whole; periodic adjustments to the cost of living; adequate wage increases for those millions whose incomes continue below subsistence levels; and finally, wage adjustments in accordance with output increases over trade union norms of productivity.

To achieve such a program requires the wholehearted cooperation of every category of our people. The growth in employer-employe production councils and their heartening record to date moves mightily in this direction: such declarations as that of the National Association of Manufacturers posing "national security" against "union security" does not.

President Roosevelt will speak next Monday night, the press has announced, on these issues. Millions of Americans trust he keeps the above crucial considerations in mind.

## The Press and the War

IT IS "press day" in New York. At this writing, the American Society of Newspaper Editors has just adjourned its three-day annual convention, and the American Newspaper Publishers Association has just come in. These are highly serious conventions, revolving around the subject of the press and the war. While it is too early to report on the publishers' meeting, that of the editors illuminated and published many things about the role of the press in these times. Two questions largely held the floor—censorship, and what to do about the defeatist or appeaser minority of newspapers. On the latter, Archibald MacLeish of the Office of Facts and Figures spoke



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very much to the point. Praising the patriotism of most of the editors, MacLeish nevertheless reminded them that they had the responsibility of "policing" the recalcitrant minority through exposure and criticism. A few papers have done this, but only a few. Yet what is the intention of the defeatist press? Its propaganda, as MacLeish summed it up, is designed to: (1) divide the American people from the British and Russian peoples; (2) inspire a demand for a purely defensive war and a negotiated peace; (3) inflame race against race or class against class. In short, it is propaganda directed to the enemy's good and welfare. There is no more reason for patriotic newspaper editors to refrain from exposing and criticizing it than to censor stories exposing the activities of known Nazi agents.

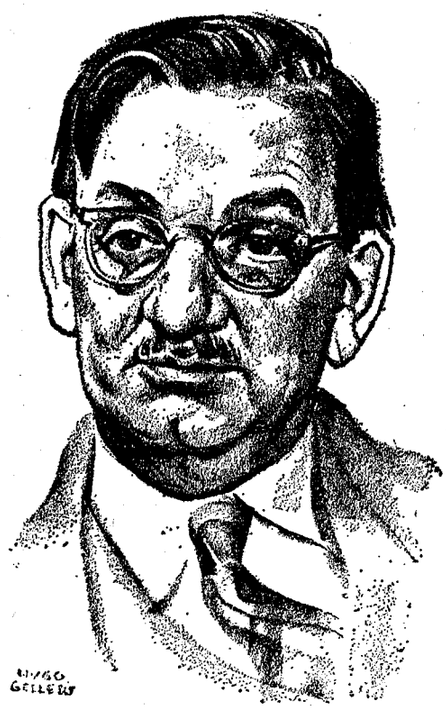
Some editors present were also rebuked, though not by name, when Byron Price, Director of Censorship, spoke of the "rumormongering and inaccurate drivel" which appears in certain papers. Mr. Price put the question of compulsory or voluntary censorship up to the men present—would their own determination to win the war, their own understanding continue to make the compulsory censorship unnecessary? Despite a few complaints, the delegates on the whole expressed a fine accord with the government's victory spirit in their message of greetings to President Roosevelt and their unanimous resolution in support of the war program.

## The GOP's Stand

LEADERS of the Republican Party have made a large decision: to throw off their isolationist heritage and not only for the duration, but for good. Following Wendell Willkie's lead, the party's National Committee, meeting in Chicago, unanimously pledged itself to "an offensive war, relentlessly and without reservation, whatever it may cost in wealth, energy, or human life, until the United States and its allies have won a complete victory over their enemies." And "we will never entertain any proposals of peace until such victory be won. There shall be no appeasement or compromise." The resolution also puts the party leaders on record as favoring United States participation in postwar efforts to "bring about understanding, comity, and cooperation among the nations of the world."

True, this final "compromise" resolution is less enlightened in some respects than Willkie's original proposal. It embodies one or two of the sour reservations in Sen. Robert Taft's "support the war" attitude, as well as those of Sen. C. Wayland Brooks of Illinois, the Chicago *Tribune's* pet congressman. These reservations are expressed in carefully worded phrases about "economic panaceas" and the "two-party system," and in denunciation of "non-essential" war expenditures and regulations. Phrases of this kind are all too common among certain defeatist politicos, both Democrats and Republicans, who use them to make disruptive attacks on all war measures. It is also regrettable that while the GOP high command retained Willkie's opposition to anti-Negro discrimination, it dropped his demand for giving labor its due share in the government and in war agencies.

However, the resolution does represent a defeat for Republican diehards typified by the *Tribune's* Publisher McCormick, who dramatically read Mr. Willkie out of the party on the eve of the Chicago meeting. In effect the GOP leaders have stated that they will support only those candidates in the fall elections who support an *offensive* war "without reservation," a victorious war without "appeasement or compromise." Surely this is as the Republican rank and file everywhere would wish it. For merely to "support" the war means little these days. How vigorously does a candidate support it—how far and how quickly does he want to prosecute it to victory? How much does he actually contribute to national unity? These are the questions which the electorate will ask of their would-be congressmen, be they Republicans, Democrats, or whatnot. Such questions cannot be answered by display of the party tag—Democratic Senator Reynolds of North Carolina, for example, is no less defeatist than Republican Representative Hoffman of Michigan. The voters have other testing methods—and they will use them.



Gellert

*Jack Johnstone, who died last week, was one of those great human beings from whose work and manner of living others take on fresh strength and courage. More than fifteen years a member of the National Committee of the Communist Party, he had become for millions of workers a symbol of all that was best, strongest, most resourceful, and far seeing in the American labor movement. When people spoke of him they liked to use images. He made them feel the heroic poetry of their own struggle. So William Z. Foster, speaking four months ago on Johnstone's birthday, said of him: "Jack Johnstone is the solid oak of the American working class. He cannot be shaken or swerved from his loyalty." That working class pays him tribute with its sorrow and its determination to carry on his unceasing work.*

## The South's Part

IN NASHVILLE, TENN., and Tuskegee, Ala., an intensive mobilization of the South's total war resources is taking place as we go to press. Nashville is host to the annual Southern Conference for Human Welfare, while in Tuskegee the All-Negro Southern Youth Conference is meeting. There is a deep, direct relationship between the two gatherings. Not only are they both war conferences—they have the common problem of involving everyone, Negro and white, in the gigantic business of winning. Which means the problem of ending racial discrimination in a region where the practice has been ugliest and most persistent. The Negro youths meeting in Tuskegee, anxious to do their patriotic best, consider how they can surmount or break down the barriers against full participation. And the trade unionists, farmers, students, educators, employers—all the delegates of the southern people—who have come together at Nashville, hear from President Roosevelt, who sent his greetings, that "the privilege of participation in our great national undertaking must be granted every citizen." The conference itself is symbolic of the unity it is trying to achieve for the whole South—its men and women of sixteen states, from so many walks of life, has a broad representation of Negro people who are making splendid contributions to the conference program.

Obviously, what's going on in Nashville and Tuskegee means a great deal to the whole nation; for the racial discrimination being attacked down there is not confined to those sixteen states. On the day the two conferences opened, twenty-four Negro educators of Howard University in Washington, D. C., sent a letter to President Roosevelt, urging him to do everything in his power to open a second European front. "We know," they said, "that fascism aims at the abject enslavement of the Negro people and the suppression of any semblance of democratic action." Yes, the Negro people know this—they must be given every chance to act on that knowledge.



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## Blasting Tokyo

THE great news that American bombers have made their way over Tokyo, Kobe, and other Japanese cities was a tonic for Americans. It helped to stimulate the growing confidence that the era of retreats and surrenders is over, that the day of hitting back and hitting hard, is now at hand. And the exhilaration was heightened by pride in the sheer scope of the achievement. Japanese reports say that our aircraft carriers are far out on the Pacific; others speculate on Alaska and China as the jumping-off place; but in any case, the whole country was thrilled to realize that we are getting good ships for our men to fly and we have good men to fly them.

The most striking thing about these bombardments is their tribute to air power. Victory in this war must come on land, through highly trained ground forces and a coordination of all weapons, but there is no question that Major Alexander de Seversky has a real point when he stresses the air element in this war. Certainly the Tokyo raids give his point dramatic proof. And it is therefore a good thing that air training programs are now being seriously considered for literally millions of young Americans.

Second thing that strikes us is the fact that everyone now realizes the probability of retaliation bombardments. The Japanese may strike at our West Coast any day, and undoubtedly the Nazis will try to do the same in the East. The exhilaration of having scored a blow in the Pacific is therefore accompanied by a certain keying up of the civilian air raid defenses, a very necessary development.

Third, the effects on our allies in Asia will be substantial. Reports are that China is elated; one can imagine how the Australians and Filipinos feel. India, still badly deadlocked on mobilization for war, will certainly be encouraged. And one can imagine the impact on the Japanese as the myth of their physical invulnerability is smashed.

Of course, one such raid, or even many, will not win the war. No one will imagine for a moment that the natural satisfaction with this exploit will distract us from the hard, sober fact that the greatest chance for quick victory lies in Europe. But a daring blow it was, in the great American tradition. It had the vigor, the surprise, and offensive spirit which our strategy certainly needs.

## Showdown over France

PIERRE LAVAL'S assumption of the premiership in Vichy brings into view what Walter Lippmann has called "the second battle for France." By placing his undisguised puppet into power, Hitler is clearly about to play one of his few remaining big cards. He is about to exploit the resources and strategic power of France and the French empire against the United Nations. It is a big gamble. But if the Nazis can win it, they will place us all in a terrible position, and may cut communications among all the Allies. The issue is very sharp. It may be delayed a matter of days, but as every serious commentator pointed out this week, the issue cannot be avoided.

What does Laval's return signify for France itself? Dorothy Thompson seems to be alone in the opinion that Pierre Laval will get concessions from the Nazis, that Hitler will go slow and refrain from taking control of the fleet, and will generally try to persuade Frenchmen that Germany intends to treat France as an equal. Miss Thompson apparently believes that Laval is going to be given the chance to try what the Petain-Darlan combination was unable to do, to win the French people for collaboration with the "New Order."

Most other observers, however, stress that the fiction of Vichy's independence no longer served the Nazi purpose. The Nazis need a more thorough exploitation of French resources and manpower than they have been getting. They need the French fleet to frighten Turkey in the Mediterranean and throw a pall on the United States and Latin America in the Atlantic. And they expect Laval to give them direct and open assistance. And since the Nazis know they have to reckon with the rising protest of the French people, especially now that Petain's stock will go down sharply for having brought the hated Laval into power, Laval will crack down hard. A regime of open terror, of open collaboration with Germany to the limit, direct warfare against Syria, Libya, and the Allied fleets, cooperation with Japan in Madagascar—all this is in order.

And so the State Department's policy of playing ball with Marshal Petain comes to its ignoble denouement, as we always said it would. Our ambassador has been recalled for consultation, but the issue is moving fast from the diplomatic to the military plane. And the question is whether Washington is prepared to deal with this issue in military terms. Everything depends on who will take the initiative vis a vis France. Hitler is moving fast; the Soviet radio reports that his technicians are already on the French battleship *Dunkirk* and the cruiser *Dupleix* at Toulon. We have got to move faster yet. No one believes that we can play ball with Laval; let there be no false calculations based on conflict between Darlan and Laval, as some commentators are suggesting.

Three major things have to be done, and in a hurry. Relations with Vichy ought to be broken off, and the Free French recognized. Simultaneously the United States together with the Free French and the Latin American republics ought to take over Martinique and French Guiana, while expeditionary forces set upon Dakar and Madagascar. Finally, a second front on the continent is now more than ever essential, with provisions for arming the waiting French people. That is the way to prevent the consolidation of Laval's regime, to take advantage of the sharp drop in Petain's fortunes, to spike Hitler's world strategy.

## Mexico's Oil Issue Settled

THE settlement of the long drawn out Mexican oil tangle is good news. Both our own public and the people of Mexico will naturally expect the oil companies to accept the decision without further cavil. Mexico agrees to pay $23,995,991 on the oil claims, to be divided among a number of companies, of whom Standard Oil of New Jersey and California are most important. The United States seems to have accepted the principle that Mexico has full sovereign rights to her subsoil; this principle was written into Mexico's 1917 constitution, and it provided the basis for the original oil company expropriation in March 1938. After four years of an irritating controversy, Mexico's sovereign right to her soil has been upheld and the American oil companies have received a fair financial settlement.

This is likely to stimulate greatly increased oil production below the Rio Grande, and will also facilitate closer economic relations between the two countries. More than that, the settlement may very well pave the way for the adjustment of the dispute between Mexico and the British-Dutch oil interests, in which far larger properties are involved. It may even lead to the resumption of full diplomatic relations between Britain and Mexico, which were interrupted shortly after the expropriations. Finally, the agreement will react favorably throughout the hemisphere, a large part of which follows Mexico's lead in inter-American affairs. It will certainly cut the ground away from the pernicious Axis propaganda against us and the United Nations. As President Roosevelt declared in his telegram to Mexico's President Avila Camacho, the agreement demonstrates that the most difficult problems can be "satisfactorily solved when approached with good will and in a spirit of fair play."



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# Readers Forum

## More on Steinbeck's Novel

To New Masses: A hundred times, at least, I must have read about the flies invading the flypaper, and I was carried away by those words. They were the ones, I thought, we had been awaiting all this time, illuminating a vast world of complex issues, making sense of all this mess.

Contrary to my usual practice of waiting at least a year before reading a "best seller," I decided to wait no longer with Steinbeck's book. So, a few nights ago I settled down to it, anticipating to read a book which so inflames you that it makes you—makes me—want to deliver a stirring harangue to a vast audience or sing Cavaradossi's aria from the Metropolitan's stage.

I love short books, crowded with facts, feelings, and the right kind of thinking. I like Steinbeck and was more than favorably impressed toward this book.

I began reading *The Moon* . . . and it took me only a short time to become aware of a sensation I fear, cold creeping down my spine, instead of the sensation I love, warmth racing up my spine.

Then I began hunting for the raisin in the tasteless loaf: the flies, and found I had liked them much more without the dough.

Why was this my prompt reaction? Probably because I like people and not movie types. I like people who are hot and cold, black and white, perhaps also a little red and yellow, and I do not like people who are all hot or all cold, all black or all white. They may be living in their own world, but they are not of this world. The Mayoress of Steinbeck may be all right for dramatic contrasts —the type of pragmatic life—but artistic contrasts attract me less than raw life.

Nor was I impressed by the rationalizations of some of the types. They sounded very much like my talking to Peter, my son, twenty-one months and eight days old. He is greatly impressed by a tone that seems to suggest the unfathomable mysteries of the universe. Steinbeck talks to us as if we were adults, but he takes great care not to overburden our brains. It sounds distressingly grown-up and we should be impressed, I presume.

The upshot of this is not that *The Moon* . . . is a failure as a contribution to our war effort. I have found that it is a revelation to many people to whom I have talked about it. Steinbeck may have known that this is the way to make people see.

It is important, I think, that the vast audience should be reached that can live only on pre-digested experiences and transcribed emotions. Steinbeck seems to be reaching them.

This is both "yes" and "no," but, then, is life not like that? That is why the book is such a great success and that is why it leaves me cold.

Emil Lengyel.

Jackson Heights, N. Y.

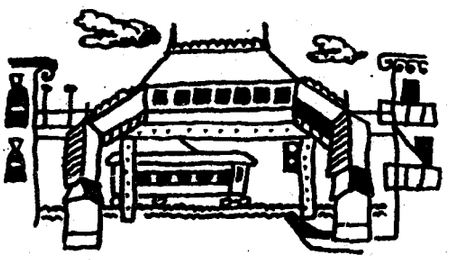
To New Masses: In the controversy as to whether Mr. Steinbeck has adequately represented the German conquerors of Norway in *The Moon Is Down,* you may check me off with your reviewers (New Masses, March 24, April 14), Pearl Buck and Samuel Sillen. Every German doesn't have to be represented as a plug-ugly for me to hate Hitler, Goebbels, Goering, and the Nazi machine. Isn't it the mentality of the habitual Hearst reader that demands the enemy in such ferocious false-face? Must men of intelligence prostitute themselves, as did Lord Bryce in the last war, in order for us to win? If so, victory may almost cost too much. When the grounds for the destruction of fascism are completely rational and utterly compelling, do we need to descend to less? I think that, by keeping the war on this level, we may keep it out of the control of fanatics at home who would seize upon it for purposes which you and I can readily imagine.

In all truth, Mr. Steinbeck has done us a real service in his portraits of the German officers, particularly in his study of Colonel Lanser. Here is a man whose judgment tells him that the whole course of the conquerors is wrong but whom duty compels to follow that course. Give Lanser a better course which his judgment supports and he will follow that with alacrity. If there are not many Germans of his type still in existence, we must butcher 80,000,000 people before we are ever done with Germany. Ambassador Dodd, who never could be suspected of harboring much affection for Nazism, sets down several Lansers in his *Diary,* as well as university men and others, who thought the course of Germany wrong in 1937 and who probably have their reservations today. Wasn't there indication, early last winter, of discord even in the German High Command?

The terrible sickness and self-doubt that Steinbeck portrays is certainly the heritage today of many Germans in every occupied country. We must never forget that the German soldiers thought they were the apostles of a "new order" in Europe, and there must have been some expectation that they would be well received, after the first shock, wherever they went. I suspect that the greatest blow given German morale in this war was not so much the military resistance encountered, as the cold hate of the conquered populace. It is not wishful thinking to suppose that this hate is telling on the German nerve. We have evidence of it in the dispatches concerning prisoners taken in Russia; we have a confession of it in the chattering fear of Goebbels' last important address. If the German people know we do not contemplate massacres (however hideous the crimes of their leaders) interior crack-up may come in Germany with the discovery that Russia is growing insuperably strong with Allied aid.

So much for the accuracy of *The Moon Is Down* on the controverted issues and so much for Mr. Steinbeck's position. I have my reservations touching the author's work, but they are not connected with the issues here discussed, nor do they touch things as important.

Oscar Cargill,
*(Department of English, New York University)*



To New Masses: Whether or not, or how much, one ought to be satisfied with *The Moon Is Down* may be debated. But that many *are* dissatisfied with it is not a matter of debate but a matter of record. It seems to me important to analyze the reasons for this dissatisfaction. To explanations already given I should like to add another.

Steinbeck uses a certain image in the book several times. In this image, conquest is likened to a fly occupying flypaper. This is a false image. It is false not only to present reality but to past history. There have been three types of conquest; where the conquerors dispossessed the conquered (the Europeans in the New World, the Anglo-Saxon conquest of England, the English conquest of New Zealand, etc.); where the conquerors were absorbed after a long time (Normans in England, Mongols in China and India, etc.); and colonial conquests like those in the Old Roman empire and the European conquests in tropical countries. In all three types the conquerors, on the whole, have been very comfortable flies on their flypaper. On the other hand, in the more abundant cases where invaders failed, the cause was predominantly the kind of *organized* resistance of which no hint is given in *The Moon Is Down.*

As for the form of the book I cannot follow Mr. Sillen. If *The Moon Is Down* is not a novel, then it is still farther from a parable, which Mr. Sillen proposes as a substitute. It still leaves the thin characterization unexplained. It seems to me that the most logical classification is a short historical novel. Where direct experience is lacking, an historical novel can be written from a preconception like the once popular glorifications of the classic "Golden Ages," or from well researched data. Mr. Steinbeck, writing a contemporary historical novel, chose to write chiefly from his preconception rather than from readily available data.

Finally the dissatisfaction with Steinbeck's book springs from a healthy source, a realistic sense that the enemy is strong and it is dangerous to indulge any softness in dealing with him, even in a work of the imagination.

New York City. Isidor Schneider.

## White Collar Plea

To New Masses: I also am a white collar worker, like Joseph Gordon who wrote "I Have No Right to Be Out of a Job" in the April 7 issue of NM. Mr. Gordon's problem is mine except for the fact that I am a woman, which is another tough factor. There's no reason why I couldn't take a job in war production if I were trained for it—I am strong physically, have a "knack" for handling tools, and, with power-driven machinery few women find it difficult to do many jobs that once were reserved for men only. But where can I get the training? Some months ago the New York *Times* printed a story that the Board of Education was to give free training to women who wanted to go into the war industries; but no such training is provided. In fact, the training schools for men, even including those that charge $100 and more for a course, have long waiting lists. It seems to me that this is the heart of the unemployment problem. For if there is to be full industrial conversion to war purposes—as there must be, and soon, for the sake of victory—then hundreds of thousands more workers, both men and women, will be needed for those war plants. We in the labor unions, in progressive civic organizations, and as individuals, must see to it that the training is provided by our federal and state governments.

New York City. Pearl Moore.



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# EPIC OF MANCHURIA

***Translated into English for the first time, "Village in August" reveals the inner heart of China's stirring battle. The flowering of a new literary tradition. Discipline and individuality.***

ABOUT two months ago (February 24 issue), NEW MASSES published Edgar Snow's introduction to *Village in August* by T'ien Chun. Now that the novel has appeared (Smith & Durrell, $2.50) we can thoroughly appreciate Mr. Snow's enthusiasm. For this story of anti-Japanese struggle in Manchuria does indeed belong to the company of great books that "in the most sublime and stirring moments of history . . . reveal, better than any straight factual account can do, the heart of inner purpose of a period, or the source of power or decay working within a society to bring about its collapse or regeneration." The novel has had a profound influence in China ever since its appearance in 1935. Seven years later, in a distant land and in a new tongue, it speaks to us with a directness and force surpassed by few contemporary books I can name.

Little remains to be added to Edgar Snow's excellent discussion. I want to make only one or two general observations stimulated by the novel. The first is that the fight of the Volunteer People's Army in Manchuria, as described here, was the prototype of the fight in Spain, of the fight in China today, of the fight waged for liberation by all of civilized mankind in our epoch. Because events move so fast, we sometimes forget that this epoch may well be dated by the historian from the Mukden Incident of Sept. 18, 1931, when Japan invaded Manchuria. *Village in August* is not merely a novel about our war; it is a novel about the *beginning* of our war, and special interest attaches to the book because it shows every element in the fateful pattern that began to develop ten years ago.

If the novel was at first suppressed as "giving offense to the Japanese," its lesson was fortunately learned in time. It was to become a proud symbol of the two-sided battle which characterizes the era: the battle against the invader and the battle against those at home who aid the invader by open collusion, by appeasement, or by internal dissension aimed against the most forthright and effective anti-fascist leaders. But it was more than a symbol. This book by a soldier, depicting the heroism of peasants and artisans in Manchuria, brought hope and courage and insight to the Chinese people as a whole.

I was interested also in the author's approach to the problem that more and more clearly emerges as a central problem of fiction today: how to show the characters united by a common idea and discipline, acting as a single force, at the same time that you show the distinct and individual features of each personality. This is, on the whole, a new problem for literature, and particularly for war literature. The best writing of our epoch, the soundest anti-fascist literature, as Earl Browder so wisely pointed out five years ago, will show the flowering of great individuals not through opposition to, but through identification with, the common cause. The creation of this literature is impeded by the fact that most writers inherit a quite different conception. The traditional view of dramatic conflict is that of a clash between the individual and some group or cause in which he can have no faith. This view arose appropriately under specific historical conditions, and it has produced great works. But it becomes a rigid and sterile formula to the degree that it ceases to correspond with social reality.

THE TRADITION of being *against* in principle is a hard one to transform. For example, the writer, whether consciously or not, tends to draw an analogy with books about the last war. The only good books about the World War were *anti*-war books in which an individual or a small group of individuals could find themselves only through rebellious separation. Almost never do these individuals bind themselves for a positive cause. Their compulsion, understandably, is to be against, not for something. Their character is made to stand out against the sodden gray background of the masses.

But in a war such as the present where the people act purposively in behalf of ends which they themselves treasure, the literary tradition of the unjust war becomes irrelevant, or to put it more exactly, a stumbling block. Richer acquaintance with Soviet literature would be helpful to writers here, for it is primarily a literature of construction through disciplined mutual effort on the part of individuals who become more recognizable as individuals the more they participate in this effort. Recent Chinese literature would undoubtedly be helpful too—yet, maddeningly enough, *Village in August* is so far the only contemporary Chinese novel available in English. The literature of Spain's war for freedom is also a guide, though all too often, as in the case of Hemingway's *For Whom the Bell Tolls,* the writer nourished in the *against* tradition falls into the trap of opposing the very people whom he is presumably for, or whom he ought to be for if the thought and structure of his work are not to suffer from damaging self-division. Whatever good models there may be, however, the writer today knows that he must virtually create a new tradition in the novel and on the stage in order to carry the meanings of this war.

The author of *Village in August* shows that the achievement of individuality through disciplined group activity is a subtle dialectical process. It is not an easy process, as we can see in the fate of characters who, like Boil T'ang and Seventh Sister Li, or on a higher level, Anna and Hsiao Ming, suffer the torment of choices that cut deep into their personal wills and desires. The crisis sharpens the weaknesses that are ordinarily beneath the surface, as it calls forth unsuspected reserves of strength. If the General, Ch'en Chu, appreciates and insists upon the paramount need for discipline, he understands too what sacrifices of human desire such discipline requires. There is no hesitation in the author's central purpose; and yet his intentness on that purpose does not lead to a muffling of the pain which men endure in working toward their common goal. One cannot help thinking of Mikhail Sholokhov, and it is interesting to note T'ien Chun's words, as quoted by Edgar Snow: "As I read more I discovered the Soviet writers, among whose works I especially liked Gorky's *Mother* and A. Serafimovitch's *Chelezny Potok,* both of which greatly moved me, espe-



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cially the latter, which had a profound influence on me."

The results of this influence may be read in *Village in August*. It is the work of a man who thoroughly understands the character of a struggle in which he himself participates. One must end with a word of praise for the beautiful translation by an American scholar whose name cannot even be mentioned because he is interned in a city occupied by the Japanese.

SAMUEL SILLEN.

# FARMHAND POET

***Alfred Kreymborg in a note of appreciation of H. H. Lewis—"the only one of his kind in America."***

I SHOULD like "to put in my oar" for a man and poet of the people: H. H. Lewis. Although this Missourian farmhand represents a cardinal point in our democratic philosophy and battles for liberty and justice in an earth-torn society, he has not been given his due by America's editors. Lewis, in his forty-second year, is still far removed even from a deserved appreciation by his fellow poets. Some years ago William Carlos Williams put up a grand fight for Lewis in NEW MASSES (Nov. 23, 1937) and that is a memorable tribute even now. And here and there, the Missourian was published by such non-radical magazines as the *New Republic* and *Poetry* and received from the latter the annual lyric prize for 1938 which came to $100 and on which the poet managed to exist for the next three years.

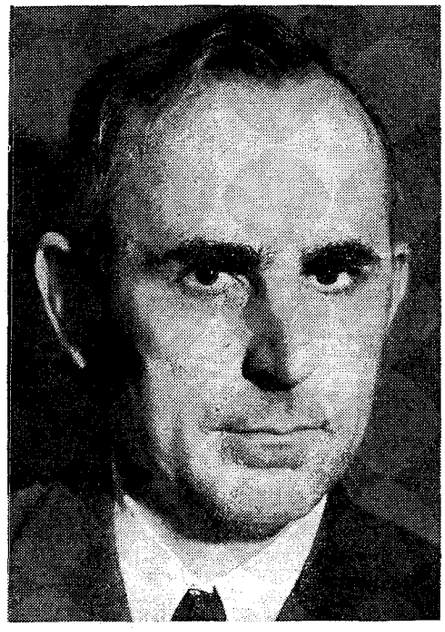
Before that time Lewis brought out four pamphlets or booklets with an obscure Midwestern press: *Red Renaissance* (1930), *Thinking of Russia* (1932), *Salvation* (1934), *Road to Utterly* (1935). A fifth collection, *Midfield Sediments,* was burned in the process of printing, somehow or other. The first four titles were dedicated to Soviet Russia and the Russians were the first to acclaim H. H. Lewis and still acclaim him. The *Moscow Daily News* in February 1934 called him "the only one of his kind in America; and for that matter, perhaps the only one of his kind in any other country." The American was likewise translated or reviewed in China, Japan, and loyalist Spain. So much for the facts of the past and for the fact that during the past four or five years poems by Lewis have been rejected by American magazines almost in toto. Always concerned with the next step in a man's career, and our response to that step (since some response is needed for a man to exist at all), I should like to discuss what Lewis is working on now.

The wiry fellow has arrived in New York with an enormous sheaf of poems—songs, ballads, jingles, free verse narratives, prose rhythms—on every conceivable phase of the life of the underprivileged in his part of our America. Lewis never went to college for the true lowdown on the art of writing literature, or the art of restraining his feelings with due regard to "significant form" and the like. He is a self-tutored man whose principal source of reading or inspiration came from the soil and from his fellow sufferers—the sharecropper, the Indian, the Negro. Out of this tragic material and out of his fighting nature, isolated to an almost inhuman degree, he has achieved a poetic style that is truly impassioned and original. As in all original work, the expression is sometimes uneven (and this should please the professional critic of perfectionism who is always looking for flaws and judges a man by his flaws alone, especially when they run against the conservative vein).

What is novel about H. H. Lewis is that he is one of the very few men who attacks our evils in verse and song from the bottom up, and always out of experience, never out of theory. In this respect he is fully as American as our original forebears and fully as American as our Whittiers and Whitmans. The tragedy is not that he is only recognized in Russia and by a few keen spirits here, but that the very subject matter of his writing and its forthright simplicity—both of which are American traits—should have been exiled right in our midst. No man should be silent at a time when we need every man for the common egregious fight against universal fascism.

It is therefore high time that some professional publisher gave H. H. Lewis a wider audience. He deserves that audience and the audience deserves our farmhand-poet. In a limited space it is impossible to more than hint at the range of Lewis' activity. A quartet of his poems have been set to music by David Schlein. When you hear them you will notice how skillfully Lewis has handled the respective dialects of the Negro, the Indian, the sharecropper. "Lest Sympathy Function" is an example of the Lewisian ironies and "Wisecrackup" of the grand American bellylaugh, even when that receptacle is otherwise empty. And finally, "Insult for Insult" is an example of the polemical anti-Nazi who runs away with Rabelais in an effort to riddle a monster. This is the most characteristic phase of Lewis' work as a whole, for he is no ordinary poet but a man who fights for democracy and freedom!

ALFRED KREYMBORG.



*H. H. Lewis*

## Railroad King

COMMODORE VANDERBILT: *An Epic of the Steam Age, by Wheaton J. Lane. Alfred A. Knopf. $3.75.*

OLD Cornelius Vanderbilt is dead. This objectively written biography, scholarly and readable, graced before publication by a fellowship award from one of our leading publishing houses, attests the fact that the Commodore has passed on to his reward.

Dr. Lane presents all phases of Vanderbilt's long and fruitful career. His tireless energy in scheming, promoting, organizing, his ruthless ambition and utterly unmoral techniques for grabbing what he wanted, his unblushing efforts toward monopoly while preaching the benefits of "free enterprise," are here recorded for the wonderment of succeeding generations.

Little is remembered of the Commodore's steamship enterprises and his linking of gold rush California with New York via Nicaragua. His claim to fame must rest upon the New York Central System. Dr. Lane points out that Vanderbilt's master work was not planned but fortuitous. He became interested in the Harlem Railroad as a speculation at a time when he was still a steamboat man. Later he bought into the Harlem to suppress competition. At the end of the Civil War he was all for leasing his two lines to the New York Central, then an Albany-to-Buffalo road. Had his plans gone through, probably he would never have been known as the Railroad King. When later he bought the Central, he had no plans for further extension. "If we take hold of roads running all the way to Chicago, we might as well go to San Francisco and to China," he remarked to his son.

Instead of expanding westward, he tried to grab the Erie from Gould and Fisk and got his fingers burned. Failing in that effort to end competition, he sought closer connection with the roads running from Buffalo to Chicago, and used the panic of 1873 to grab them.

The only moral of the Commodore's life is that grabbing was profitable to the Commodore, and none a better grabber than he.

HARVEY O'CONNOR.



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## Flame With Little Light

FIRE IN SUMMER, *by Robert Ramsey. Viking Press. $2.50.*

THE anger of Spence Lovell, the central character in Robert Ramsey's novel of an Arkansas farm family, is an ominous and malignant thing. Ramsey's southern farmer is an angry man, but his action in behalf of his anger nowhere succeeds in reaching the bedrock source of his hurt. He is a disinherited man; deprived of land, he loads his family onto a farm wagon and finds work sharecropping. Spence finds it unbearable to work alongside Negro sharecroppers, and after a quarrel with his dissipated "absentee" landlord, he moves on, and ends up on "relief."

For Spence's gentle wife, who has some understanding of the predicament of her life, there is always the burden of making existence livable. At those rare moments when she comes near her husband's anger, she withdraws quickly in a reflex of pain. When his violence lets go in the direction of his children, she must use strategy—a strategy of waiting until his well of poison overflows and temporarily exhausts itself.

His daughter, a thirteen-year-old girl, is raped by a storekeeper; Spence beats her. When she flees to Memphis, he is after her. But, in the perverted anger of his life, he is less concerned for his daughter than with the fantastic possibility that she was carried off by a Negro. Deprived of a Negro victim, his finding of Jewel in Memphis is an anti-climax for him. She is brought back, because *something* must be brought back; something must feed the pain.

Spence Lovell's actions are forever futile; they take place in the fly-world of a window-pane on which he buzzes out his two-dimensional frustration. His eye is focused with a sick, mad glare on the Negro; the Negro on the chain gang and on the land, whose labor, he has concluded, is the reason for his poverty. In the end he tears up the garden which his family has planted back of the house, takes an ax to the house itself, and finally uses the ax to attack Negroes in chain-gang work on the roads—he is killed by a guard.

It is unfortunate that the "angle of vision" along which the reader sights Lovell—through the eyes of his young son—is not totally effective. However, there is artistry in the innocent boyish eye and ear which catch the external forms of Lovell's violence. The South is there within the range of the boy's perception; the blight which has been put on white and Negro alike is there. And the family comes alive; its members are victims, but not warped and poisonous like Spence. Least of all is the son himself a victim—for he is one of those "seeing sons" whom Gorky found in the darkness of czarist Russia: sane, wholesome acorns off a dead tree, who will know how to grow.

True, the net of observation thrown out by the boy does not entirely capture the huge meanings which lurk everywhere in Spence


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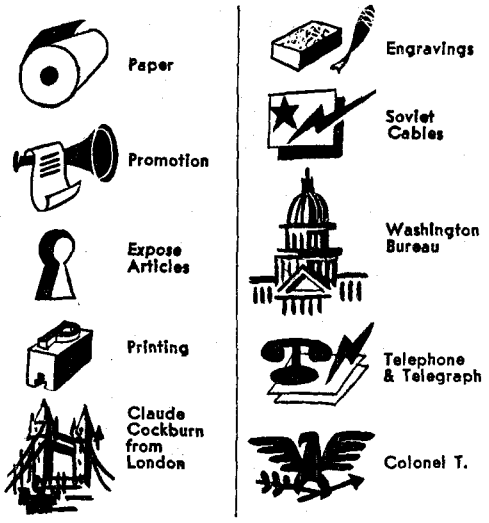


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Lovell's life—but that is another novel, perhaps Robert Ramsey's second book.

ALFRED GOLDSMITH.

## Roundup

THE POEM OF BUNKER HILL, *by Harry Brown. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.*

THE OVERTURE LAKE, *by Charles Henri Ford. The Little Man Press. $2.*

SHADOW ON THE SUN and other poems, *by Robert Friend. The Press of James A. Decker. $1.*

LADY GODIVA AND ST. SATYR, *by Lucia Trent and Ralph Cheyney. Published by Ben and Isabel Hagglund.* DIALOGUE IN LIMBO, *by Ben Hagglund. Published by Ben and Isabel Hagglund.*

THE COLLECTED POEMS OF LEW SARETT, *Henry Holt and Co. $3.*

MORE DAY TO DAWN, The Story of Thoreau of Concord, *by Harry Lee. Duell, Sloan & Pearce. $2.50.*

CALENDAR: An Anthology of 1941 Poetry. *The Press of James A. Decker.*

IN HIS long narrative "Poem of Bunker Hill," Harry Brown gains immense strength from the mere fact that he takes this familiar historical episode and recalls it with a vivid fictional intimacy. We have had enough of poets who used the past of history as a nostalgic counter-image of the present. Here is a poet who desires to unite, by identification, the past and the battle year we live in. Still farther back are remoter analogies of the fight for freedom, in which the deliberately Homeric form is justified.

*As taciturn Leonidas, in view of a visit from death/ Rebuilt the Hot Gates and constructed a difficult success,/ So on the hill above Charleston, the defenders of the heights/ Cut out the lines of their breastworks.*

The "Hot Gates" are Thermopylae. Contrast the negative use of this same reference in Eliot's Gerontion,

*I was neither at the Hot Gates/ Nor fought in the warm rain/ Nor knee deep in the salt march, heaving a cutglass/ Bitten by flies fought.*

Compositional ease combined with a visual instinct for story telling are Mr. Brown's strong points, but they are not quite enough. We can allow for expansion of statement in this sort of poem. But this loose iambic verse, having all virtues of clear reporting, neglects the intensifications that poetry makes possible through the use of fresh phrase and metaphor.

Freshness is presumably what Mr. Charles Henri Ford is aiming at. He says in fact: *To tone down language is to tongue-tie the pulse,/ meter of mood, tape-line of longing,/ And so we are boosted by the measureless dream/ And awake to an algebra whose symbols cry havoc.* This is one of Mr. Ford's most intelligible stanzas. More representative are the rather surrealist efforts it advocates. "Charting the wheels of a train is to part the hair of sample rooms" suggests the abdication of

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the conscious mind from a world of continuous Bunker Hills.

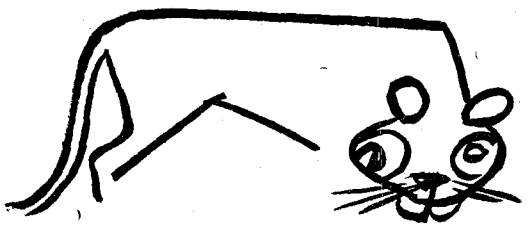
Robert Friend, perhaps the best poet in this group, is concerned very keenly with his relations with society. There is perhaps a certain monotony of statement in this book; the poems generally seem to represent this young poet's internal escape from escapism rather than the world he wishes to reach. Almost all of these poems breathe a nostalgia for the lost haven of illusion which they simultaneously reject. And though this statement is often made with genuine poetic effect and a subtle use of symbols, there is often an argumentative abruptness which does not quite move us.

Ben and Isabel Hagglund of Las Animas, Col., send two pamphlet editions of verse printed and bound by hand. One of these is by Ben Hagglund, a mild doggerel conversation on the political scene. The other is a loose-leaf brochure by Ralph Cheyney and Lucia Trent. This is not poetry for the anthologies. It is really what we may regard as "newspaper" verse. The world is hot copy and these writers want to say something immediate about war, labor, and poverty. They have no other wish than to meet an audience with a quick, catchy message.

Lew Sarett is a different case of the effort to reach a popular appeal. In his instance we find not so much a casual limitation of technique as an extremely narrow source of statement. This is Nature poetry in the mood of one who listens to the loon in the North Woods—to get away from it all. This is almost a volume of 400 pages without a single *human* experience to bespeak and hardly a keen line or a memorable lyric.

Harry Lee has arranged some of Thoreau's prose and added some poetry of his own in a rather unique verse biography of this really great poet of nature. Thoreau of Concord we remember as the hermit who was not really an isolationist—the man who welcomed John Brown of Ossawatomie and shouted his message through the main street of the town. Mr. Lee has written an unassuming footnote to his subject, so much the better poet, so full of the hope of Man secure in Nature. "There is more day to dawn! The sun is but a morning star!"

Finally, James A. Decker's annual *Calendar* contains diverse poetry by nineteen writers. There are some distinguished names here—Langston Hughes, Eda Lou Walton, William Carlos Williams, though represented by what seem to be inconsequential by-products. Now and then a line straightens up to remind us of the author's identity. On the whole this anthology contains a dominance of what it was once the fashion to call "experimental" writing. MILLICENT LANG.

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## Distinguished Issue

SCIENCE AND SOCIETY. *Vol. VI, No. 1. 35c.*

THE winter issue of *Science and Society* contains four major articles which will be equally valuable to specialists and to the general reader.

Paul M. Sweezy's review of James Burnham's *The Managerial Revolution* is particularly fine. Sweezy exposes the fallacies of this pretentious theory of upper middle class revolution by quoting against it the facts and figures of which Burnham is understandably chary. He shows that Burnham's book is in reality, whether by intention or no, an apology for fascism and an instrument for identifying and slandering the Soviet Union and the New Deal. If any fault is to be found with Mr. Sweezy's article, it is that he has not dealt sufficiently with the class character of Burnham's theory and the use to which reaction can put all such fantasies.

Margaret Schlauch, in an article entitled "Russian People's Wars in 1812 and 1941—Recent Soviet Historiography," describes how Soviet scholars, inspired first by the threat of invasion and then by the resistance of their people, have been moved to revaluate a most important period of their country's history, and to convert their new understanding into a weapon against the enemy.

Samuel Putnam makes a brilliant contribution to our knowledge of South American cultural development. His picture of Brazilian culture under Vargas is drawn with the most careful distinctions between proto-fascist, escapist, pseudo-social, and revolutionary trends.

D. J. Struik's interesting article on the sociology of mathematics deals with the influence of economy, political structure, and the state of technology upon mathematical knowledge. Professor Struik relates the advance of mechanics and the belief in the mechanical structure of the universe to the technical victories, inventions and discoveries which accompanied the rise of capitalism. He warns, however, against a too direct attribution of scientific progress to specific events in history, pointing to the effect of other disciplines as well as to the inner development of a science from its own premises and findings.

Other features in the issue are a discussion of "social Darwinism" and a number of fine book reviews in various fields.

CHARLES HUMBOLDT.

## Where We Came From

HOW MAN BECAME A GIANT, *by M. Ilin & E. Segal. Lippincott. $2.*

SOVIET science writers for children have produced another great and delightful book in this story of evolution. Here is no mumbo-jumbo of long geological and biological names. Here is the simple story of the beginning of life, the development of man, the origin of the family, and the formation of social relationships. *How Man Became a Giant* is a Marxist conception of growth. It is a story of man, a giant growing from everything that came before, taking possession and direction of the affairs of nature through ownership of the means of production.

Ilin and Segal have treated man as an end product in evolution. Growth and development are related to the obstacle faced. The use of tools and intelligence in the application to work were not gifts handed down by some creator, but were earned by man, who had to learn the laws of nature and of his own life.

Why are Soviet writers able to write such a remarkable book? Paul Radin, professor of anthropology at Black Mountain College, has given us the answer in the foreword: To write about the development of walking and thinking man "required a man and a woman reared in a new civilization. This is not altogether an accident, for this civilization was itself the work of the young—the young in years and the young in heart." *How Man Became a Giant* was originally addressed to the young in years, but it should be read by everybody. After all, why should children have all the fun?

JAMES KNIGHT.

## Story of Indusco

CHINA BUILDS FOR DEMOCRACY, *by Nym Wales. Modern Age Books. $2.50.*

NYM WALES (who is Mrs. Edgar Snow) has collected the existing material on the Chinese Industrial Cooperatives and given us a really comprehensive history of the "vest pocket" industries of China. Beginning with the story of how a small group of Chinese and non-Chinese idealists first saw the possibilities of this movement in answer to many of China's immediate war problems, she traces its development to its present importance for China's resistance.

The cooperatives set an ambitious program for themselves: (1) To build small, decentralized industry (hard to bomb) in order to supply material directly needed by the army. (2) To provide consumer goods for the vast civilian population of the interior so that it would not be forced by necessity to buy Japanese manufactured products. (3) To provide work for the millions left jobless by the destruction of China's industry in occupied areas so that they would not be forced to work for the Japanese. (4) To handle the refugee problem effectively. (5) To build democracy in China.

In the four years since its inception, great strides have been made toward the fulfillment of this program. Over 2,400 cooperatives, with headquarters in seven regions, are busy in Free China where no industry existed before. They are turning out blankets, uniforms, gauze, cotton, and dozens of other products needed by the army. Consumer goods, too, of all kinds are being produced for civilian needs, produced by workers who own their own industries, decide on their own wages and hours, and control the conditions under which they work. Schools for children and



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adults, clinics and clubs are started by the cooperatives as soon as they have the means for organizing them, and these "vest-pocket" industries soon become small nuclei of democracy in action. *China Builds for Democracy* gives a vivid and enthusiastic account of the details of this growth.

One of the real problems has been the question of the relationship between the cooperatives and the government. Although they were first conceived of, and organized privately, the government early showed its interest in them through the person of H. H. Kung, who was responsible for the first government loan made to the cooperatives. As this interest became more active, a few old entrenched bureaucrats saw in this popular movement something to be either controlled or modified. At times they have been able to hamper its work by holding up loans or material. At other times they have sent in their own bureaucratic officials to take over executive positions. Consequently, although the cooperatives have grown in the last year, the full membership participation of the earlier years tends to be modified.

WILLIAM MCLEAN.

## Brief Review

THE ATLANTIC SYSTEM, *by Forrest Davis. Reynal & Hitchcock. $3.*

The relation between America's destiny and British control of the seas intrigued Mr. Davis, and he set about to explore and explain it. He found that the Monroe Doctrine was possible because the Royal Navy stood between the New World and the Holy Alliance. Despite harsh words against London from Grover Cleveland's Secretary of State in the Venezuela boundary dispute, Americans were grateful five years later for British sympathy in the Spanish-American war. Victory over the kaiser, in Davis' analysis, was also attributable to the Anglo-American entente; and this entente was marred for him by the contest over "freedom of the seas" and Woodrow Wilson's ungratitude to the British in the peace conference. Relations in the past twenty years are very foreshortened in this study; the volume closes on the note that the continuation of the Atlantic System, as exemplified in the Churchill-Roosevelt meeting last August, is the keystone to the future peace. Even the great land battles, as in Russia, while vital to Britain and the United States, in Mr. Davis' view are nonetheless "sideshows" to the struggle for sea control. Admiral Mahan is clearly the hero of this book, and among the villains is Woodrow Wilson for the part he played in irritating Anglo-American friendships. In brief, while this emphasis on Anglo-American cooperation is all to the good, Mr. Davis never quite explains why conflict has so often gone hand in hand with cooperation. The result is interestingly fashioned history, which has to be corrected for its overemphasis on the "Anglo" part in the Anglo-American partnership.

Because many artists contributed their work too late to be put up for auction, and because a great number of people were unable to attend the auction on Sunday April 5th, and because there were far too many pieces to be disposed of in one day—

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# LIFE BY GROPPER

***His new exhibition of paintings hits the spectator "like a fragment of rock." William Blake finds that no gallery language can do justice to this brilliant artist.***

I HAVE no gallery language. When I read Sheldon Cheney's comments on Gropper's volumes and planes and geometrical designs and cunning arrangements, I am helpless. The galleries of Europe and America have been studded these last decades with masterpieces of volumes and planes. But between the broken columns of a Chirico and those of a Gropper in his astonishing Olgin memorial canvas, "There's Much to Be Done," the difference is infinite. Chirico is meditative and ironical: Gropper sees the broken columns as human opportunity. The remote rock of Goya, that everlasting image of every fantastic mind (Breughel's very trademark) is here transformed into the crag of the workers, their new, though assailed height in history.

Gropper has the heritage. "All God's Chillun" is evocative of older sensibilities. The versatility that Gropper enjoys is of a different pattern from that of a Picasso who can "do anything." In seeing the Gropper show, at every point the overlearned spectator can make easy analogies. The terrible picture of the "New Order" is, of course, the modern expression of Goya's *Dos de Mayo*. The brilliant canvas of Pearl Harbor brings up Turner memories, not because of the sea, but because the mood recalls our schoolday favorite, "The Fighting Temeraire." "The Baker" conjures up ancient Egypt, the shaved head, the mummy trough, the timeless art, bread-making as it is still done in small shops. But whereas Goya's soldiers are brutal servants of an invader, Gropper's fascist file has been divested of even brutal humanity: they are blocked, they are fused in action, they are the mere carriers of brutality with no reflective psyche. Whereas Turner's crimson clouds veil glory, the fat emerald of Gropper's Pearl Harbor flashes the drama of that treachery. And speaking of emerald, Gropper is the overlord of greens. Never have they told so many stories. They are made into separate forces in that terrifying masterpiece "The Storm"; they are thumbed into a sky in "Hostages" that doubles the horror. There are a hundred eloquent greens, each specific, a veritable lesson to mere colorists of what intellectual efficiency the spectrum can carry, an answer to the easy commentary that Gropper merely imposes color on an antecedent design.

But above all, it is the absolutely direct speech of the canvases that is their magnetic property. His pictures are like him in that they have no verbalism, they are taken out of the world of movement, color and feeling: they are rarely mixed up with current tags. But Gropper for that reason paints sound also—the sounds of explosions, crashes, marching feet, storms better than another because he is not engrossed in verbal expression. He listens instead. Into the paintings go the seeing, the listening, the feeling of our silent friend. For this reason, they bulge with life, are full of sound. The label is nothing, and Gropper taken as a whole—with his flying figures, leaping horses, groaning trees, splitting ships, bursts of flame—is our most eloquent painter. Even his symbolic pictures (the Olgin memorial is one) are full of the senselessness in sound of nature, but speak no words: they strike us asunder with their meaning, because the commonplaces of political painting do not occur there.

It is because I admire this eloquent soundlessness, or rather this storm of natural sound, in Gropper that I like least one of the showpieces, "Opposition," the Senate caricature heavily worked, but one whose images are a carryover from Gropper's earlier perceptions. Not in these central pieces is his special attribution. In fact, the Daumier recollections that most critics delight in (effective as they are) are not his new facets that will (we must hope) reshape painting conscious of the social world. The man who in "Allay Ooop" wrote the most charming novel in pictures has transferred that facility to a much greater aim. The supreme difficulty of modern social art has been to convey the complex vision of the world which sees that the surface of reality, its institutions, values, human actions, are evolving into the opposite of what they appear to be. And yet art is fated to deal with appearances.

In the Renaissance, when this difficulty was apprehended on a much more naive level, allusive imagery, rich in symbolic texture, conveyed the contradiction. Today that method, fruitful as it is, is little used. (Though contemplation of the Gropper pictures shows in "Partisans" that the serried rocks are themselves crouching sentinels, in "Scorched Earth" the scattered wall on the ground is ready for a resurrection, as Man, to avenge the shattered home.) Socially sympathetic art has relied on populism, that is on a Millet-like sympathy with the worker, or on "realism," that is forlorn pictures of man's misery. But these pictures, once they have served their pur-

*"Storm," one of Gropper's paintings on exhibition until May 9 at New York's ACA Gallery.*



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pose, to open our eyes to the universe of injustice, can, when the issue is joined, be as easily used by spurious humanitarians as Goya's "Horrors of War," which were weapons of national freedom, have been distorted into mere pacifist slogan pictures by weak-minded dupes of the defeatists.

For that reason Gropper's pictures are a fresh delight. He is not queasy about bloodshed when it is inflicted in a people's war. His Cossack horsemen saber Nazis in brilliant duel with a direct sweep—breathtaking; the sword of justice falls on their malevolent carcasses. When the innocent are taken as hostages, or women and children stood up against crumbling ghastly white walls by the invaders, their sacrifice is that of honest toilers: when the Nazi soldier dies, it is a brigand's death in these eloquent canvases. A true social perception is witnessed, not by slogan pictures, not by borrowed ethical generalizations, but by the pictorial record of suffering, work, sacrifice, bravery, in the concrete world of day; one smudged by fascist hate but one in which the resistance of the Soviet people (and the resistance of the American people) fights not only to defend but to carry the brilliant future of humanity into the dark castles of the enemy. His "Partisans," his "Bataan" men, are aggressive, open-eyed, conscious humanity, not mere soldiers who obey like Tennyson's shameful automata in the Light Brigade. And so in the broken towers, lonely in their strange skies, in the smoke textures of bombarded towns, the very night of fascism, in the incredibly vivid stroke of visionary intensity, "Incendiary Bomb," Gropper's renditions give that long complex analysis, so wearisome in print, in a single shot of significance.

Most of the pictures (not the horse designs) hit you like a fragment of rock. The explosion of the work comes not only from the brilliant color, savage oppositions of mass, solidity of forms and simplicity of outline, but from the movement always only in one direction, which expresses his singlemindedness either of the political idea, or the rushing motion in nature—upwards in the "Incendiary Bomb," forward in "Hostages," downwards in "The New Order," and in a stooping swirl in the "Storm." Gropper is inspired by a philosophy that knows no divorce between theory (or perception) and action, and how this affiliation is thrown into relief in these powerful paintings. For in Gropper's painting, social art has come into its own.

WILLIAM BLAKE.

# CHARACTER VERSUS THEME

## *Alvah Bessie in the front row at Steinbeck's "The Moon Is Down."*

*Banquo—How goes the night, boy?*
*Fleance—The moon is down; I have not heard the clock.*

FROM this quotation John Steinbeck draws the title for his short novel and for the play now on the boards. It is the scene that immediately precedes the ruthless Macbeth's murder of the helpless Duncan, and its choice demonstrates the author's intention. He is writing against tyranny; more specifically, against that modern form of tyranny that has reached the apogee of human frightfulness and reactionary violence in Nazism.

From the evidence of the printed story, *The Moon Is Down* was first written as a play; the narrative falls neatly into the eight scenes of the drama. And the characters, the situations in which they find themselves, the ideological content, and the total impact of the book have been carried over faithfully onto the stage.

The story is by now sufficiently familiar to the reader to permit summarization in a line or so. A small mining town (unnamed) is conquered by soldiers (unnamed). Mr. Steinbeck's failure to name the country and the conquerors may be attributed to his desire to give the fable a quality of universality. But this is Norway; these are the Nazis. The balance of the story is concerned with the beginnings of rebellion against the occupying forces—*The moon is down; I have not heard the clock.* This rebellion takes overt forms: the refusal of the miner Alex Morden to work under Nazi compulsion; his execution. The shooting of other Nazi soldiers. The murder, by Morden's widow, of another. Active sabotage, with dynamite dropped by the Royal Air Force. The refusal of Mayor Orden to cooperate with the Nazis and his inevitable execution. The intention is to demonstrate the impossibility of breaking the will of free men; of revealing the endless and unconquerable determination of the masses of people everywhere to achieve and maintain their liberties.

With such a thesis and such an intention Steinbeck enters the fight against the Axis. But in the case of *The Moon Is Down,* as written and presented, it would be a serious error to let critical evaluation stop at this point. For after we have established the fact that the play is anti-Nazi, it is necessary to ask: What sort of an attitude toward Nazism does it engender?

The answer to this question involves several others: What is the nature of Nazism? (History itself has shown it to us.) What should be the nature of effective opposition to Nazism? (History is revealing it every day.) What is the total impact of the play? For in any work of art the whole is something more than the sum of its parts; the total impact is of more importance in evaluating the whole than any number of "correct" situations and militant speeches. If we need any proof of this we have only to recall the many earnest anti-Nazi plays already presented—especially such works as Maxwell Anderson's *Candle in the Wind* and Elmer Rice's *Flight to the West.* In both these plays the democratic characters were uncompromising in their resistance to the Nazis; they said the right things, and they did them. Yet both plays were failures because neither the situations portrayed nor the sentiments expressed found their roots in *explored and understood character.* In other words, neither play projected the *truth* about Nazism, the truth about democratic opposition—in those relationships in which they exist in life. Therefore, neither play could reasonably be considered a powerful weapon in the struggle. The result was ineffectual.

The same thing is unfortunately true of *The Moon Is Down,* and the unanimity of the regular reviewers on the political and emotional context of the play—its failure to involve the emotions and arouse to action—was both startling and meaningful. Like Steinbeck himself, they want to see the destruction of Hitlerism; they proceed from his own point of view.

How is it possible that, proceeding from such a point of view, Steinbeck fails to engage the emotions of his audience and achieves only part of his obvious intention? The answer is to be found in his own understanding of the struggle he is portraying, and the characters he has chosen to represent that conflict. On the stage these characters move as in a sentimental dream. (This war is not a dream.) They are curiously one-dimensional, *un*-understood, unexplored. They are types rather than people. And therefore the situations in which they are placed seem totally contrived, in spite of the correct things they say and do.

Mayor Orden, it is true, develops as a character—but only superficially. A kindly, muddled man possessing no recognizable convictions or background, he carries no conviction as a democrat; as an anti-fascist fighter. What he says and does come out of no visible characterization. And the Nazis who oppose him are incredible as Nazis. Every one of them is a weakling who could scarcely be entrusted with the rank of corporal in any army. For it should be axiomatic that the men who achieve leadership in any army in the field are generally those men who not only have demonstrated a quality of leadership but possess this quality through the fact that they personalize the content and meaning of the movement they represent.

Yet here we have a colonel, a commanding officer, who manifestly does not believe in what he is doing and says so; a major who is an amiable soul who could not hurt a fly; one Nazified captain who is ridiculed by his superior officer, is called an ass for displaying those very qualities of brutality and cynicism that are the earmark of fascists everywhere; one lieutenant who is a humorous, lovable boy more interested in girls than in anything else; and one lieutenant who is so homesick and lovesick and hysterical that



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he breaks down and weeps from loneliness and frustration. And these are the *only* representatives of a mighty military machine and a vicious social and economic system that has conquered all of Europe, a large part of Asia, and uses mass starvation, mass torture, and mass murder as a planned weapon in its attempt to dominate the democratic world.

These characters, so projected, throw the complete picture out of focus in spite of the one exception—the Quisling George Corell; and if you compare these leading characters with Corell, the argument becomes clear. For here is a man Steinbeck obviously understood better; a complicated human being whose words and actions spring directly from his observable character on the stage. He carries the only conviction of any character presented, and as a result you are moved by him—moved to hate his guts.

The patent result of the interaction of these unbelievable characters—both democratic and fascist—is the creation of a passive atmosphere of faith in ultimate victory that could not win our war against the Axis in a thousand years. Since they do not move you, you listen to their words and you find that everything they say is true and correct. They resist; they ask for arms for further resistance; they get those arms and resist further. What is the reason for this apparent paradox? It lies in an absence of characterization, in poor dramaturgy —in brief, in Steinbeck's failure to understand and project *in dramatic terms* what he so obviously understands intellectually. So that the net result of the play adds up to the ancient and historically undemonstrable concept that Truth is Mighty and Will Prevail; that Good Will Conquer Evil—but only because Good is Good and Evil, Evil. This could not have been Steinbeck's intention, but it remains his contribution, in *The Moon Is Down,* to our understanding of a terrible international war that daily demonstrates the necessity for immediate offensive action on all fronts, if our very country is to be preserved.

Those true values which the play still retains have not been helped or vitalized by as poor a physical production as any major drama has received in many a season. Under Chester Erskin's direction the tale is more turgid than it need have been and fails to rise even to the limited conflict inherent in the situations. In the hands of Whitford Kane and Ralph Morgan, the characters of Dr. Winter and Mayor Orden are utterly inert, with the Nazi colonel (played by Otto Kruger) becoming, literally, the most sympathetic character on the stage. Some of the minor roles are played by better actors: E. J. Ballantine, with the advantage of a more thoroughly written character (in addition to his own talent), makes George Corell, the Quisling, an authoritative and despicable figure. Russell Collins as Major Hunter, the engineer, and William Wythe as the lovesick, homesick Lieutenant Tonder, are more credible and, again, more sympathetic to the audience than the democratic protagonists!

For the total impact of the drama, as written and played, leans more toward enlisting your understanding of the unloved Nazi characters who go to pieces in the face of victory than toward enforcing your admiration on the side of the defeated (and unseen) "little people" who are conquered by these singularly sappy oppressors. This poses (and answers) the problem of how the world-wide anti-fascist fight must be propected in any art form. What is demanded is a shrewd understanding of Nazi character and intention, juxtaposed with an accurate understanding of the nature of democratic opposition—with both these forces shown in their correct relationships, as they exist in life. This would not make of the fascists dumb brute beasts—cardboard figures—nor of the democrats, angels in white broadcloth satin gowns.

Penetration, understanding, and *accurate* representation of the forces at work would inevitably enlist your fighting determination on the side of the democratic forces of the people—a world majority—and against the minority fascist forces of reaction. This is the *truth* of our war. This is the anti-fascist artist's touchstone.

ALVAH BESSIE.

# Shadows and Percy

### *"Joe Smith, American" takes the week's honors.*

ONCE there were three little films; they lived on Broadway. *Dangerously They Live* was the first film, and it told about a gang of Nazi spies, persecuting a beautiful blonde for the sake of The Plans. *My Favorite Blonde* was the second film, and it told about a gang of Nazi spies, persecuting a beautiful etcetera, etcetera. *Joe Smith, American,* was the third film, and it told about a gang of Nazi spies. . . . This reviewer went to see all of them, and the only way she could tell them apart was that *Dangerously They Live* had John Garfield; *My Favorite Blonde* had a talented penguin; and *Joe Smith, American,* was a good picture.

Honest and straightforward, *Joe Smith, American,* achieves a portrait of a typical American worker. Joe's mother came from Norway; his father from somewhere in Austria. Joe loves his wife, gets a kick out of a session in the bowling alley, tries to discipline his small son properly but can't really be as stern as he thinks he should. Joe works like blazes, turning out planes to beat the Axis. Joe's forgotten some of the things in the history books; he can't remember what Nathan Hale said. But he knows what Nathan Hale meant, and when he is kidnapped and tortured, he doesn't give away the new bomb sight.

There is an unusual excellence in this film's portrayal of its Nazi agents. They are not romanticized into soft-voiced fiends glorying in their villainy; one of them is a venal factory executive, the others crude gangsters. As they loom shadowy in the background, appearing only as the fists which slug the blindfolded Joe, they are more convincing and terrifying than any suave fiend. This is the director's doing; so are the revealing and tender studies of Joe's home life, the dramatic overheard sounds through which Joe memorizes and later retraces the kidnapper's route, the whispering voice of Joe's mind advising him, and the moving sequences in which Joe escapes from his torturers into memories of his happy earlier life. Technically, *Joe Smith, American,* is an original and distinguished achievement.

True, the plot at times reverts somewhat to the spy-formula, especially when Joe, recovering instantaneously from his beating, tracks down the spies with feats as magnificent and unconvincing as Superman's. True, there is a touch of over-sentimentality here and there; true, Joe's modest home is far too like a Beverly Hills palace, and none of the workers ever seems to get grease on his overalls. Yet, in its forthright exposition of American democracy, *Joe Smith* is a mature and intelligent study of this war. Its hero is a genuine, likable human being; Robert Young's performance as Joe is the best work he has ever done. And there isn't a hunted blonde in the whole shebang.

ON THE OTHER HAND, we have *Dangerously They Live.* A good deal of acting talent has been thrown away on this bedtime story; John Garfield and Raymond Massey do their brilliant best, struggling like flies in the sticky spiderweb of the plot. For our heroine deliberately gets herself kidnapped by spies for the sole purpose of spending the rest of the picture trying to get unkidnapped. That she is supposed to be carrying important secret information to Halifax, all the while, does not deter her; she just *has* to get to know the Nazis better. Meanwhile John Garfield has to pretend to be a young doctor with a gift for conking people instead of curing them; Raymond Massey has to be a mad scientist—yes, they threw that in for good measure. The film ends, all too appropriately, in a delicatessen.

IN "MY FAVORITE BLONDE" the girl-with-the-plans covers more territory, and she ends up in an undertaking establishment. The important difference, however, remains Percy the Penguin. He looks like Bob Hope, his trainer, but he can act. This film, at least, is deliberate, not inadvertent nonsense, and has several good laughs—especially the unexpected appearance of Bing Crosby. But, once for all; we are tired of seeing Ilona Massey, Paulette Goddard, Madeleine Carroll, Nancy Coleman sent for thousand of miles carrying the plans of the air raid, the bomber, the battleship, the secret treaty, in their lipsticks, bobby pins, bracelets, brains, or tattooing. We are tired of seeing Peter Lorre, Raymond Massey, George Zucco menace Ilona, Paulette, Madeleine with revolvers, scalpels, or poison darts. We would like to see more films about people, please.

JOY DAVIDMAN.



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# PROGRESSIVE'S ALMANAC

## April

**23—Kings Highway Forum,** A. B. Magil on "The Spring Offensive," Kingsway Mansion, East 16th St. and Avenue P, B'klyn.

**23-28—Independent Artists Show,** Victory and Independence Exhibit, Benefit British-American Ambulance Concert, Fine Arts Bldg., 215 West 57th St., N. Y. C.

**23—Russian War Relief,** Si-Lan Chen and Group, Dances of U.S.S.R., China and West Indies, Barbizon Plaza Thea., 6 Ave. & 58 St.

**23—Workers School,** registrations all week, 35 East 12th, afternoon and evening.

**24—New Masses** 3rd annual Art Auction continued, ACA Gallery, 26 W. 8 St., 8 P.M.

**24—West Side I.W.O. Forum,** Jeanne Rubinstein, "Trend of Books on the War," 220 West 80th St., 9 P.M.

**24—League of American Writers,** Friday Night Readings, Woody Guthrie on "Boom Chasers," work on migratory workers, William M. Doerflinger, Asst. Editor, E. P. Dutton, Ina Wood, commentators, 237 E. 61 St., 8:30 P.M.

**24-30—British, Chinese and Russian War Relief,** Art and the Stars, Exhibit of paintings loaned by stars of stage, screen and radio, Demotte Galleries, 39 East 51st St.

**25 — Peter V. Cacchione Association of Bklyn.,** 1st annual ball, program. Hotel St. George, Brooklyn.

**25—American People's Chorus,** Concert, United Nations Night, songs and dances of the Allied Nations, in costume, Victory Room, Irving Plaza, 15th St. & Irving Pl.

**25 — Saturday Forum Luncheon Group,** "The New World and the Engineer," Prof. Rautenstrauch, Columbia, Rogers Corner Restaurant, 8th Ave. & 50 St., N.Y.C., 12:30 P.M.

**25—Mandolin Symphony Orchestra,** 18th annual concert, Town Hall, 43 St. & B'way.

**26—Harlem Defense Recreation Center,** Cocktail Party, Josh White, Andy Razaf, and others, Benefit USO, Witoka Club, 222 West 145th St., N. Y. C.

**26—Workers School Forum,** Alvah Bessie, 35 East 12th, 8:30 P.M.

**27—School for Democracy,** Spring Registration all week, 13 Astor Pl., N. Y. C.

## May

**2—Allaben Acres,** Reunion & Dance, Geo. Washington Hotel, 23rd & Lexington.

**7—Bronx 8th Assembly District Forum,** "The 5th Column and the Coming Offensive," Joseph North, Joseph Starobin, Alvah Bessie, Benefit New Masses, Concourse Paradise, 2143 Grand Concourse, Bronx, N. Y.

**8—NEW MASSES** theatre benefit, "Comes the Revelation," new play with Will Geer, Jolson Theatre.

**9—Spanish Committee for Medical Aid to Russia,** Ball, Irving Plaza, Siboney Carribean Orchestra, Irving Place & 15th St.

**10—Russian War Relief,** recital, "Music at Work," supervision Marc Blitzstein, Alvin Theatre, W. 52nd St.

## June

**22—American Council on Soviet Relations,** Celebration First Anniversary Soviet Union's great battle against the Nazi invaders. Place to be announced.


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*Chairman:* Max Steinberg

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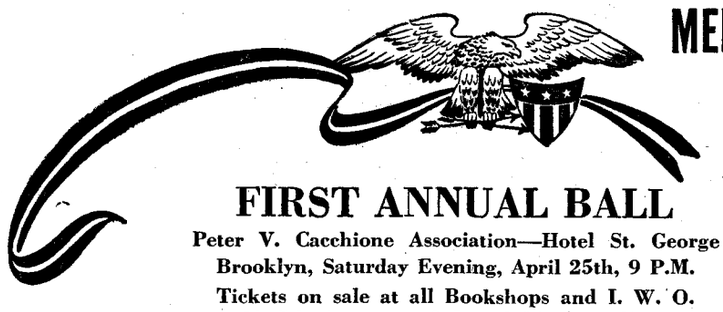

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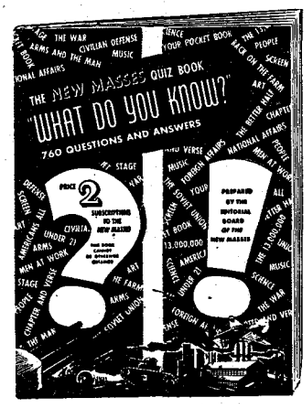
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